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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The False Heir. By G. P. R. James, Esq., author of "Darnley," "The Gipsy," &c. &c. 3 vols. Bentley.

PROLIFIC author! Yet with the public it is as if increase of appetite did grow with what it fed on, and every new supply from his inkstand were more relished than what had been before. And with regard to himself, we had almost fancied, with the continual flow, flow, that he must run out; but, on the contrary, he rolls on, and resembles a stream, which, at first narrow and confined, becomes only broader, and deeper, and more widely beautiful and copiously refreshing, as it spreads its waters through other channels, over pleasant lands, and among fertile banks and isles created and sustained by its own perennial influence.

The False Heir differs much from any of Mr. James's preceding works of fiction, and is, we think, likely to be as popular as the best of his historical romances. For it has more of common and every-day life, intelligible and agreeable to every class of readers; it presents a lively picture of French society, from the château to the hovel, and some charming sketches of French scenery; and its general vivacity and action is tempered by a multitude of reflective touches, which shew an acute perception of the workings of human nature under the impulse of all its leading feelings and passions—love, hate, vanity, ambition, envy, malice, fear, guilt, affection,—the good and evil propensities of animated clay.

Then the story is interesting, and the incidents various from point to point, till the dénouement takes place, and we bid farewell to a set of characters so well drawn and so skillfully implicated in the drama, that even to the end we are anxious to know their fates and share in their final disposition. But when we have said thus much, and stated that "the story is interesting," we have, as it were, tied up our pen from the duty of illustration. Extracts, such as would afford an adequate idea of the whole, could not be made without injury to the whole; and therefore we trust that our brevity in this respect will be attributed to the real cause—our desire not to interfere with the greater gratification reserved for the readers of *The False Heir*.

There is prefaced to it a dedication to those members of the government who have supported late measures for protecting our literature; and an advertisement, in which the writer notices the subject of copyright, and the prohibition of foreign piracies, to compete with our lawful home-market. In one of his views, Mr. James mentions that it was supposed such legislation might lead to an undue increase of price; but he held the contrary opinion, viz. that the augmented number of purchasers would enable publications to be sold at a lower rate; and as an experiment to try this question, the present novel is published at a reduced cost. We shall see the result; and will only add, that the intrinsic merits of the book render the experiment a full and fair one.

We now proceed to our restricted review; and, after what we have said, it may look con-

tradictory to begin with finding fault; but the truth is, that we dislike the first paragraph of the tale more than aught we remember from the author. As it is, however, only one page, and a metaphysical stumble on the threshold, unattended by any after-trip, we pass it by with our dissentient voice, and haste to tell that the opening description of a French peasant-wedding is pretty and sparkling to our heart's content. After this, a period of time elapses; and it is written:—

"Oh! when youth gasps for the object of desire, how gladly would he step over the long hours of expectation as easily as the teller of a tale! How many would at this moment—if immutable fate would let them—annihilate the two or three years to come, which lie between them and fruition, in order to be at once at the bright goal towards which they strain their eager gaze—how many, how many! And yet they all are young; for even middle age learns that half the delight is in the pursuit; and age has found that often before we reach that goal the prize is gone. Happy is it for mortal man that he cannot in life, as I can in this book, blot out the flight of two or three years, and say, in two words, 'They passed.' Two years and nine months had gone by since the Marquise de Langy and Marguerite, her former maid, spoke of events to which the hopes of both were turned; and now I must lead the reader to a small farm-house at the edge of the forest of Compiègne. It was eventime in the autumn; the leaves were yellow in the deep wood, and some of them already strewed the ground. The gnat, the shrill trumpeter of the season, whirled high in the air; the partridge was heard calling in the field; a rosy lustre spread warm over the blue sky, and caught some light clouds overhead. There was a coolness in the breeze which told that the breath of winter would soon chill the world; and every sign on tree, on herb, on field, said that the bright time of year was past, and the dark and chilly period at hand. 'Surely, nothing dies but something mourns,' said the poet; and the death of summer, of all other losses, seems to call forth and to deserve the sorrow of all the earth. Grey sadness steals over every thing, and the brightest autumnal day has something solemn and serious in its splendour which speaks of the fleeting of enjoyment and points to the tomb of all dear hopes."

This quotation may be received as a sample of the fine reflections and references to natural objects with which the book abounds; and the following remarks on the French custom of giving over the infants of noble families to be nursed and brought up by some petty farmer's wife, are put into the mouth of Count St. Medard, a person of great common sense and intelligence:—

"Well," he said, meditating over the scene in the farm, "I cannot help thinking that this custom of ours is both a barbarous and unnatural one, for a mother to give her child into the hands of a comparative stranger, to educate as well as to nurse during the first three years of its life,—to put it into a cottage, and let it receive its first impressions from persons in a low and ignorant condition. The practice has

quite gone out in England: I wish it would go out with us also. The excuse we make is, that the child becomes more robust and healthy than if it were subjected to all the delicate treatment of a fond mother in a wealthy and luxurious house. They say a child's bodily constitution is fixed in the first three years of its existence: they seem to forget its mental constitution altogether. My belief is, that a child's education begins when it is six weeks old; and that every hour, after its very first ideas develop themselves, roots in its mind some principle which affects its whole existence, implanting thoughts, feelings, tendencies, a thousandfold more difficult to eradicate than those which are received in after life. Seeds planted in a virgin soil shoot far more deeply down, and produce a thousandfold more fruit, than when the ground has been exhausted by repeated crops. If I had a son, I would not cast him on the hands of strangers—for years?—no, nor for hours!"

No man has given the subject of education more serious attention than Mr. James; and every syllable he utters on that subject is well deserving of regard.

"A father (he continues) applies himself to the intellectual culture of his son: he loads his mind with knowledge, he teaches him language after language, he feeds him with the dry scrapings of the rind of antiquity; he adds mathematics to arithmetic, and finishes the pile with geometry; he crushes him, in fact, under keys, yet never teaches him to open one door. Another parent looks to the culture of his son's body: he is taught grace and ease of carriage, skill in all sports and exercises; he can ride, he can leap, he can pitch the bar; he can fence, dance, swim with the best. But the heart, reader, the heart is altogether forgotten; the spirit is without its culture, the feelings without their due governance. Or, perhaps, the case may be reversed, though, alas! that is but seldom; for the material things of life offer that which is so much more tangible, that the idleness of intellect disposes almost all men rather to deal with them than with those things that are more difficult to grasp. It is the one-sidedness of our general nature which has retarded the progress of society more than any thing else on earth; and that also is the defect which in domestic life and all its relations causes one half of the miseries that exist. Thank God! a war has at length commenced against this great error; and men have not only learned that every object has its many sides, but that they themselves have each their many powers for examining, considering, and appreciating the various qualities and relations of every thing that is submitted to them. Men can no longer limit their views who would pretend to greatness, but, in dealing with the infinite variety of other things, must bring into action the infinite variety that is in themselves. As under the green surface of the ocean, whether it be rising into mountains of foam, or calm as the face of innocent Hope, there are a thousand unseen currents tending different ways; so in every affair of life are there results and tendencies below the surface, and in the breast of every man qualities, capabilities, streams of soul, if we may so call them, which he must

seek for, discover, and define, if he would shape his course aright."

A portrait of Louise, a female servant, and another of Jean Marais, a scapin, but not *nulla virtute redemptum*, are drawn with infinite skill. They are mixed natures, and not all good or all bad; and in this discriminating course of his moral painting the author has exercised both power and just perception throughout. There are no absolutely faultless monsters, such as the world never saw; nor no demons, wicked for the pure sake of wickedness alone. The pencillings are more true to reality, and there is a genuine simplicity about them which is far away from the usual exaggerated lines of novel limning. *Ex. gr.* the meeting of parties under peculiar circumstances, after eighteen years of separation:—

"Monsieur de St. Medard had been deeply attached to the Countess d'Artonne before she had become the wife of his friend. What had been her own sentiments towards him, he did not know; for he had offered his hand and been refused by her parents, who softened the disappointment, as far as such disappointments can be softened, by telling him that they had long before promised their daughter to the Count d'Artonne. St. Medard had instantly quitted the pursuit; and, feeling that his sensations might be more than he could control if he indulged them at all, he had absented himself altogether from the society, not only of the lady whom he loved, but of the friend whose wife she became. Whether d'Artonne was aware of his affection or not, he never knew; and, though it had not been disguised from the countess herself before her marriage, he had too much delicacy of feeling even to refer to it now, though their conversation turned upon the very days when it was at its height. The only glimmering of that tenderness which shone through the shadiness which memory seemed to cast over their conversation, appeared when Madame d'Artonne observed with a sigh, 'Those youthful days are indeed happy ones, Monsieur de St. Medard, whatever one may think at the time. But it was very wrong of you not to come to see us long ago.' 'Nay,' replied the viscount, with a sigh; 'nay, dear lady, it was very right.'"

We admire fine touches like this; but here are others of the first dawn of young love:

"Francis de Langy said nothing to her, for his was that particular age when there is a sort of a timid consciousness of stronger affections yet undeveloped, which ties the tongue by the first influence of the passion afterwards so eloquent. He stood in one of the windows, however, and gazed on her, as she entered, not only with admiration but interest. * * * The love of boys and girls is an object on which grey-bearded men vent much spleen and scorn; but depend upon it, reader, where it exists in reality, it is the sweetest thing that ever life knows,—it is the violet of our short year of existence. The rose is beautiful, richer in hues, full of perfume and brightness, as she flaunts her gay bosom in the ardent sun of June; but give me the violet, the dear early violet, that scents with her odorous breath the air of unconfirmed spring; the soft, the timid violet, retreating from the gaze with her blue eye cast down; the first sweet child of the sweetest season; the tenderest, the gentlest of all the flowers of the field; the emblem of earnest and innocent affection. No, there is nothing like it! In all after years we may lay our hand upon what joy we will—pure and innocent it must be to bear the comparison for a moment—but I say, we may lay our hand upon what

joy we will in after existence, we shall never find anything on the earth like the first flower of the heart."

Two quotations exhibitory of Jean Marais, and the author's talent in observing human character, and we shall finish our task:—

"If we might judge by what was on the outside of his skull of what was in the inside, and, from both, of what was the character of his mind and disposition, we should have a very curious compound of qualities. Considerable intellectual powers, with strong animal passions; not much respect for any thing, but a good deal of kindness of feeling. A few more traits, dear reader, would make it a perfect Frenchman. The expression of the countenance—in which, to say sooth, we put as much faith as in phrenology—bore out these indications perfectly. There was a shrewd, intelligent, keen, and rapid look, with no ferocity or harshness in it, but a great deal of determination; and that sidelong, half-averted glance, which we noticed in him as a youth, was now altogether gone, the place thereof being supplied by a sort of impenetrable, nonchalant aspect, assumed upon certain occasions. The reader must not suppose that any great change had taken place in his character, thus to vary the expression of his countenance. The fact is, that, when a youth, though not educated by any of his relations with the soundest principles in the world, yet his faults and vices—and they were not a few—were new to him; and the belief that they must be apparent to and condemned by every one he met with, gave him that downcast look which we have before mentioned. He had disposed of it, however, in the most natural manner possible; and having discovered two things,—first, that his fellow-men were not near so sharp-sighted as he had imagined; and, secondly, that there were a great many as bad as himself, and a great many very much worse, he got somewhat conceited, not exactly of his bad actions, but of the dexterity and courage with which he committed them. We have said that he was not conceited of the actions themselves; and, in truth, his tendency was rather away from them, for, in reality, they were committed more from a general want of principle than from an inherent inclination to wrong; and, as the desires and passions of youth, the love of adventure, and the recklessness of consequences, diminished by slight degrees with years, the temptations were diminished also; and he would just as soon have employed his wit in doing what was right, if the opportunity had presented itself, as in doing what was wrong. Habit, indeed,—habit was a strong counterpoise; but a man of good intellect, and not very corrupt inclinations, generally discovers sooner or later that the weight of worldly advantages lies on the side of good conduct, as well as all the moral inducements; and thus there is ever something with a reasonable being to counterbalance bad habit, if unfortunate circumstances do not lead him farther and farther into vice, or society by its severity does not drive him to despair. The lepers at one time were cast out from all communion with their fellow-men; they could associate but with lepers, and the disease increased and spread. At an after-period men took them into hospitals and cured them, and the malady was gradually extinguished. Might it not be so with the leprosy of the mind?"

Jean saves the life of the heroine, the daughter of Count d'Artonne; and—

"Having said so much of the principle personages of the tale, we must turn for a moment or two to our respectable friend, Jean Marais,

who, the second morning after the adventure in the mountains, stood before Monsieur and Madame d'Artonne, giving an account of himself and his proceedings, the whole of which would doubtless prove both interesting and instructive if we had space to lay it before the reader. We can but, however, report a part, and that must be the portion which refers to the present story. 'Why, you know, Jean Marais,' said the count; 'you know very well that you are a great rogue.' Jean Marais made a low bow, replying with the most perfect self-satisfaction, 'how should I otherwise be fit for the office of *valet de chambre* to a noble gentleman like the Marquis de Bausse?' 'Well, Jean,' replied the count, 'in regard to this accusation against you, which I am quite sure is false, and which you say you can prove to have been made without even ground of suspicion, I will take care that the matter be fully investigated, as you desire, within four-and-twenty hours after our arrival at Clermont; and you shall have every opportunity of establishing your innocence, so as not to be detained one moment longer than is necessary. You shall also have a reward of some kind, adequate to the service which you have rendered me; but indeed, my good Jean Marais, as to my taking you into our service, that, I fear, is quite out of the question. You know very well that, besides the love-making to the maids, which would be endless, you would do nothing but cheat me from morning to night.' Jean Marais laughed without shewing the slightest symptom either of shame or indignation. 'On my word of honour, Monsieur d'Artonne,' he said, 'you make a very great mistake. Every man has certain principles upon which he acts, and mine would prevent me from cheating you even of a sous. The matter is very different, indeed, when I am with such a master as the Marquis de Bausse. It was a part of my duty to cheat him, else I render the old proverb of no avail. 'Like master like man,' noble sir, is much more universally true than people believe. If my master leads the way, as a matter of course I follow; and if he runs very fast, he must not be surprised at my treading on his heels: but with you the matter would be different. I should never think of practising on you any such tricks as are every day played by the fashionable valet on the fashionable master. I would not go out in your clothes and call myself by your name, nor half-empty your snuff-box every night into a jar lent me by the tobaccocon on purpose to keep my earnings fresh against the time for returning them to his shop. You would never lose four or five canes in a year, and be persuaded that you had left them in a *fiaçre* or in a friend's house. Your shirts would not be frequently mislaid by the washerwoman; your stock of pocket-handkerchiefs would not daily decrease; you would not have an opportunity of seeing how well your own cravats look upon the neck of your valet, nor admire your gloves upon his hands before they had been twice on your own. If your purse remained in your pocket when you went to bed, every lous would answer to the muster-roll next morning; and the sous would rest in peace upon the edge of the scrutatoire. I can assure you I should be perfectly exemplary, unless I saw you begin to gamble or cheat at cards, or say sweet things to Madame's *femme de chambre*; and he bowed reverently to the countess as he spoke. 'A pleasant picture you give, certainly, of a valet's life,' said Monsieur d'Artonne; 'but I am afraid, my good Jean Marais, that, even if there was a probability of your keeping all your promises, I could not grant your request; for my

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servants are old and faithful friends, whom I am not likely to part with, and I have fully as many of them as I want.' 'Happy Monsieur d'Artonne,' exclaimed Jean Marais, 'and unhappy I! But it is always so in life; when we want to escape temptation, we find the door shut upon us: so I shall have nothing to do but go on with sweet Monsieur de Bausse when he comes back again, which, of course, will be the case when he has spent all his money; or else to get myself a new place with some other noble gentleman of the same kind, where, in duty to myself, I shall be obliged to cheat him from morning till night, or lose my character for ever amongst my friends and companions.' 'Well, well, Jean Marais,' replied the count, 'we will see what is to be done for you; perhaps I may be able to find you a better place than you have: but remember, if I do so, and you dishonour my recommendation, I will cut your ears off with my own hands.' 'Sir, they are perfectly at your service,' answered Jean Marais, making him a low bow; 'but, in the mean time, I may look to you to get me clear of this charge.' 'Nay, my good friend,' cried the count, 'I did not exactly say that; I merely promised that you should have an opportunity of establishing your innocence at once, if you can do so, and should not be kept for months in prison, as is too much the custom in France, whether an accused person be guiltless or criminal.' 'That is all I want, that is all I want, sir,' replied Jean Marais; 'for I know that there cannot be even a cause of suspicion shewn against me: and, to tell you the truth, sir, I am afraid of my morals.' 'How so?' demanded the count; 'I should think, my good friend, that your morals were very safe.' 'Oh! you flatter me, sir,' answered Jean Marais; 'but I can assure you that a prison in France is not the best school of virtue that one can be in. It is only on the outside of the walls that one protests one's innocence: in the inside each one rivals the other in telling how many crimes he has committed.'"

Now, imperfect as these morsels are, they are all we shall submit as specimens of the *False Heir*—the rest of the mystery will be more agreeably solved by the perusal of three excellent volumes.

George Selwyn and his Contemporaries: with Memoirs and Notes. By J. H. Jesse, author of "Memoirs of the Court of England during the Reign of the Stuarts," &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. R. Bentley.

MR. JESSE is most persevering and indefatigable in his researches into subjects to illustrate the history and biography of our country; and has here added two volumes of some interest to a period already rendered pretty familiar to us by the publications of Horace Walpole, Lady Hervey's *Letters*, Wraxall, and others, from whom he has taken a considerable portion of the memoirs and notes, which explain obscure passages in the Selwyn correspondence and references to persons therein mentioned. The present work extends from the year 1740 to 1770, and leaves the latter part of the life and story of its hero, the celebrated George Selwyn, untold.

We need not enter upon his birth, (A.D. 1719), parentage, and education, except to say that his family was of courtly rank and good estate, and that he was expelled from Hertford College, Oxford, for blasphemy: having by a continental tour, and being a member of the profligate clubs of London, previous to his return to that seat of learning, educated himself to the commission of the drunken outrage which

procured him this unenviable distinction. As a second brother, he was now thrown upon life without much fortune, but contrived to be as dissipated as his more wealthy *confreres*; and finally was an M.P., had official places conferred upon him, succeeded to the patrimony in consequence of the death of his elder brother, and mixed with all the gay and fashionable people of his times as a shining and witty fellow. His character is thus prefaced by Mr. Jesse:—

"The character of Selwyn was in many respects a remarkable one. With brilliant wit, a quick perception of the ridiculous, and a thorough knowledge of the world and human nature, he united classical knowledge and a taste for the fine arts. To these qualities may be added others of a very contradictory nature. With a thorough enjoyment of the pleasures of society, an imperturbable good-humour, a kind heart, and a passionate fondness for children, he united a morbid interest in the details of human suffering, and, more especially, a taste for witnessing criminal executions. Not only was he a constant frequenter of such scenes of horror, but all the details of crime, the private history of the criminal, his demeanour at his trial, in the dungeon, and on the scaffold, and the state of his feelings in the hour of death and degradation, were to Selwyn matters of the deepest and most extraordinary interest. Even the most frightful particulars relating to suicide and murder; the investigation of the disfigured corpse, the sight of an acquaintance lying in his shroud, seem to have afforded him a painful and unaccountable pleasure. When the first Lord Holland was on his deathbed, he was told that Selwyn, who had long lived on terms of the closest intimacy with him, had called to inquire after his health. 'The next time Mr. Selwyn calls,' he said, 'shew him up:—if I am alive, I shall be delighted to see him; and if I am dead, he will be glad to see me.'"

If we add, that he seems to have been of a temperament to have little passion for the fair sex, we have completed the sketch.

At all times of which we have read, of which we have heard, and which we have seen, there is generally some individual who stands at the head of the sayers of good things; who acquires that reputation, not only by his own wit and humour, but by having nearly all the wit and humour of his lively contemporaries fathered upon him. From George Buchanan and Kilgrew to Joe Miller and Selwyn, and from Selwyn to Rogers, Hook, and the *Rév. Sydney*, there has been a succession of these potentates (though occasionally two or more reigning at once), on whom has been laid the jokes, mots, and puns, of all minor professors, till they have grown to a bulk and magnitude truly regal in the realms of jest. Yet, with all these appliances, how poor is their lasting fame! how evanescent even their existent glory! The flow of social wit must be, at best, but miserably reported at second-hand. The discourse which set the dinner-table in a roar with its flashes of merriment is a meagre entertainment at the next morning's breakfast. A few sparks may be preserved for a week or so; but at the end of the nine-days' wonder, the squib is a tube of burnt paper, the cracker a torn and unseemly nothing. What, then, must years do, and death, the grand evaporator of your Yoricks? Leave a vivid remembrance that such things were, or extinguish the gay Cynthias of the minute as if they had never been. The Selwyniana afford striking proof of this: we could hardly pick out half a dozen of his *jeux d'esprit* worthy of repetition.

"A namesake of Charles Fox having been

hung at Tyburn, the latter inquired of Selwyn whether he had attended the execution? 'No,' was Selwyn's reply, 'I make a point of never frequenting rehearsals.' When Fox was commencing his career of dissipation, he lodged with his friend Fitzpatrick at Mackie's, the oilman, in Piccadilly. Some one mentioning this circumstance at Brookes's, and remarking that it would be the ruin of poor Mackie, 'On the contrary,' said Selwyn; 'so far from ruining him, they will make Mackie's fortune; for he will have the credit of having the finest pickles in his house of any man in London.' Selwyn was on one occasion a passenger in a stage-coach, when one of his fellow-travellers, imagining from his appearance that he was suffering from illness, kept wearing him with good-natured but constant inquiries as to the state of his health. At length, to the repeated question of 'How are you now, sir?' Selwyn replied, 'Very well, I thank you; and I mean to continue so for the rest of the journey.' When the popular farce of *High Life below Stairs* made its first appearance on the stage, Selwyn expressed his anxiety to be present at its representation; 'for I am weary,' he added 'of low life above stairs.' Again, one of the waiters at Arthur's having been committed to prison for a felony, 'What a horrid idea,' said Selwyn, 'he will give of us to the people in Newgate!'"

Such are specimens of the observed of all observers, who consorted with the macaroni revellers and wits at White's, Ch. Townsend, Hanbury Williams, Horace Walpole, *et hoc genus omne*: with a due proportion of women to match, the demireps of exceedingly immoral and scandalous times, when sensuality and libertinism affronted the public in the highest places, and grossness of manners and coarseness of expression were the familiar attributes of these jolly dogs and their female associates. If we are not now more virtuous, we are at any rate more decent. Notwithstanding the frequent hiatus, the —, in Mr. Jesse's editorial discretion, the meaning of many passages is too glaring to render this doubtful; and as we cannot even allude to these, we shall take a single example of a quotable nature. Thomas Scrope (July 22, 1748) writes to his friend Selwyn:—

"I involved myself last Monday in a ridiculous affair, which I have since been obliged to treat with the utmost gravity; though at the same time I must say the ridiculous appeared in so strong a light to me, that it was with the utmost difficulty I maintained the necessary decorum. To try your patience no longer, the affair was this: after drinking four bottles, which had made me mad, and the rest of the company drunk, I strapped and carried Baron Newman, *alias* Crook-fingered Jack, in a chair, quite up to the end of Joy's long room, at nine o'clock, where all the company then in Tunbridge were assembled. I tore open the door and top of the chair, and down dropped, to all appearance a dead man. Miss Chudleigh, who is very subject to fits, struck with the odd appearance, fainted and was carried off. This, in less than a quarter of an hour, spread among the ladies like a contagion; I am informed of eight, at least, who fell into fits. When I became sober, the Duke of Rutland advised and pressed me by all means to go with him the next morning, and write to Mr. Lyttelton and some others from the road. I did. The affair is now finished to my satisfaction; but this is a subject more fit for our conversation than our pens."

The fine old English gentleman, a hundred years ago! Gilly Williams, one of Selwyn's most intimate correspondents, affords too nu-

merous specimens of the grossness of "the olden times;" but few are free from similar loose freedom; and the famous Duke of Queensberry (as Lord March), and Lord Carlisle, whose later days were so much more honourable and decorous, are prone to language and anecdotes of extreme laxity.

Another proof of their indifference to the principles of right and justice is to be found in the continual acts of smuggling perpetrated by peers and members of parliament whenever they travelled. There is no end to the velvet dresses, lace, and other luxuries surreptitiously imported from France. The fraudulent dealers of our day are only imitators of the nobility and ministers of government in these more corrupt practices.—But truce with reflections, and to come to the point of illustration, according to our custom. The following is a curious letter:—

"Mr. William Robins* to George Selwyn.

"Gloucester, Nov. 20, 1751.

"Sir,—Please to permit me to express my affectionate concern for the unfortunate event of the death of your most worthy father, who filled every station in his life with the highest honour, and the greatest applause and veneration. Should I attempt to enumerate his elevated virtues and constant succession of benevolent services to all so happy as to be known to him, they would swell as much beyond the common bounds of a letter as they exceed the ability of any one to imitate but yourself the bright and distinguishing descendant of so noble and valuable an ancestor. May indulgent Heaven alleviate the acute affliction of the disconsolate lady, your exceeding good mother, and find some abatement of sorrow by prudently animadverting on the state that is inevitable on earth, and furnishing herself with this grateful and pleasing reflection, that her late worthy consort was enriched with virtues and every lovely and laudable disposition. A superior in beneficence could not be found, and the most aspiring after virtue fainted in attempts of equal lustre to him in goodness. Sir, if you can form any instances in my sphere of moving wherein I can be serviceable to you and your family, I shall esteem it an honour to receive your commands, and execute them with punctual regard and the utmost pleasure. I am, with the greatest respect and esteem, sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

"WILLIAM ROBINS."

From various portions, we have picked out the annexed crumbs or plums. Gilly writes: "I will give you a Newgate anecdote, which I had from a gentleman who heard it. He called on P. Lewis the night before the execution, and heard one runner call to another, and order a chicken boiled for Rice's supper; but, says he, you need not be curious about the sauce, for you know he is to be hanged to-morrow. That is true says the other, but the ordinary sups with him, and you know he is a hell of a fellow for butter! * * * Mr. Legge told a very fat fellow who came to see him the day he died, 'Sir, you are a great weight, but let me tell you, you are in at the death.' I do not believe any of your d—d monsieurs would go off the stage so gallantly. If you had sent my finery to Dieppe time enough for my friend to have clapped them on board the last trip, I should by this time have been in possession.

* "The editor has been induced to insert the following letter, because, from the delightful inflation of style by which it is characterised, and also the coincidence of name, it can scarcely be doubted that the writer was a progenitor of a celebrated public functionary of the present day."

Now I begin to fear the custom-house will make free with them, and that I shall see one of their little boys at play in my birth-day clothes. * * * Sir Onesiphorus Paul and his lady are the finest couple that has been seen here since Bath was built. By the by, her ladyship drinks most d—bly. They have bespoke two whole-length pictures, which some time or other will divert us. His dress and manner are beyond my painting; however, they may come within Mr. Gainsborough's: that is the painter by whom, if you remember, we once saw the caricature of old Winchelsea. * * * The marquis [of Rockingham] supped last night at White's, and blushed at Willis's request to be helped to some sturgeon; the other's good stomach got the better of his breeding, and he totally forgot the name of the varlet that ran off with his sister."*

Lord Carlisle from Turin, Feb. 1768, writes:—"Paoli, the famous Corsican general, of whom you must have heard so much, upon the Genoese forbidding the Corsicans at Genoa to wear any swords, the other day ordered all the Genoese in Corsica to wear two, which they were accordingly obliged to submit to."

"From Rome:—"I have met with a Frenchman here who gives me a dinner four times a-week, and has introduced me to a great many *conversaciones*, which, as I still have difficulties about speaking Italian, are not very lively; but their houses are wonderfully magnificent. I kissed the pope's toe yesterday morning. Fitzwilliam, when he kissed it, lifted his foot a little off the ground, which made the old man give such a grunt that almost killed me."

It may appear that some of these are but trivial matters; and there must be many particulars of little value mixed up with all collections of the sort, of which the general scope alone can furnish the ideas we desire of the portraits and manners of the period. Readers will discover this, and be amused by perusing the whole work, with the reminiscences of Selwyn and his contemporaries. Before we close we may notice, that the editor, speaking of the refusal of his relative, the Earl of Carlisle, to introduce Lord Byron to his seat in the House of Peers, severely commented upon by T. Moore (vol ii. p. 145), says it "was never explained:" we believe it was, and that the sole reason was, that the etiquette and usage of parliament required peers to be introduced by others of the same rank, and thus an Earl could not introduce a Baron.

Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the other British Provinces in North America; with a Plan of National Colonisation. By J. S. Buckingham. 8vo, pp. 540. London, Fisher, Son, and Co.

To conclude his transatlantic travels and research, Mr. Buckingham has produced this volume; and, sooth to say, we feel ourselves more indebted to him for it than for all he has told us respecting the United States. The British Provinces, only partially or locally described by other writers, stood, particularly at this moment of parliamentary debate, in need of one like Mr. B., assiduous, and patient, and investigating, to bring forth masses of general and comparative information—in information in which his very minuteness and detail are of worth,—and thus enable us to form an enlarged and correct notion of these valuable appendages to our mighty empire. And we have here a really useful and comprehensive view of the whole

* She had her footman, by name William Sturgeon.

subject, and its bearings on other points of no mean national interest; which, without being free from the author's peculiar theories and opinions on collateral matters, is yet so free from their colouring where facts are stated, that we gather the intelligence we want without being misled by any enthusiasm about tea-drinking, free trade, colonisation, or other hobby more delectable to ride than to see ridden.

Having thus shortly introduced the book, with its excellent map and handsome illustrations, we shall merely add an extract or two (at least in this *Gazette*), as a farther recommendation of it to every reader, as an observant, practical, and unprejudiced exposition of the condition of our North American provinces. Of the "comparative" we find an early example at Toronto.

"Of the points of dissimilarity, there are, however, many more than points of resemblance; some of them to the advantage, but others to the reproach of the Canadians. One of the first of these points that struck us, was the solicitation of beggars. We had been nearly three years in the United States without seeing an American beggar in the streets, but we had not been landed five minutes in Toronto before we were accosted by several, between the wharf and our hotel. In the States we had never seen women employed in manual labour; here we witnessed several instances of it; and of ragged, swearing, and profligate boys, we saw a greater number in Toronto than in the largest cities of the Union. On the other hand, we saw no person here who chewed tobacco; there was less of hurrying and driving to and fro in the streets; the shopkeepers were all more civil and obliging, the servants more respectful and attentive, and all classes more polite. Even at the hotel, when the ladies rose to retire from the table, the gentlemen all rose, and stood till they had withdrawn, a custom we had never once seen observed at the public tables in America; though there, the respect and deference to the sex is shewn in another way, by no gentleman being permitted to take his place until the ladies are first seated."

The following touches a still more important question:—"Among the frequent topics of conversation here, is the comparative progress made by the Americans and the Canadians in their respective territories. Almost all English travellers who have passed from the one country into the other, have given it as their opinion that Canada is far behind the United States in enterprise and progress; and they attribute this difference to the superiority of republican over monarchical institutions. The British residents here appeared to me to be as sensitive to these remarks, as the Americans are to any observations of English travellers which in any way disparage their country or its institutions. Great pains are accordingly taken by the Canadians, to shew that in some instances this superiority of America to Canada is imaginary and not real; and in others, where it may be regarded as real, it is not so much owing to American enterprise, as it is to English liberality in lending them a large amount of capital to carry forward their great public works, which capital, if it had been invested in Canada instead of the United States, would have produced results equally advantageous to this country. Upon this subject, Chief Justice Robinson, in his able work 'On Canada and the Canada Bill,' says: 'Upon sober reflection and comparison, it appears that a plain statement of facts will amount very nearly to this: that Irishmen have dug in America an astonishing

number of canals, and made a prodigious extent of rail-roads, which Englishmen have paid for; and when these material ingredients in a public work are allowed for, namely, the labour of constructing them, and the charge for that labour, the balance of merit that remains seems pretty much confined to the ingenuity of the contrivance, and to a vast energy in borrowing, which I apprehend it may be the secret wish of some persons in this country had not been so industriously exerted.' Another writer, in one of the numbers of the *Patriot*, endeavours to shew the advance which Toronto has made within a given period; and has succeeded in proving it to be considerable."

The strong attachment of the province to the English government is only equalled by its hate of the Americans. But we must conclude with one extract more:—"During our stay at Toronto, I received a visit from the celebrated Indian Kah-ke-wa-quon-a-bee, or 'the rapidly flying feather,' who had embraced Christianity, and become himself a missionary to the Indian tribes, under the name of Peter Jones. He was dressed in the European costume, as a Methodist minister, and spoke English perfectly well. He had visited England some years since, and there married an English lady, whom we also saw, and recognised in her former acquaintance in London. She had returned home once since her marriage, in company with her husband, but had come back again to Canada with him, and professed herself to be perfectly happy in her present position. She had with her a fine little boy, whom the tribe had named 'Wa-weya-kuh-megoo,' or, 'the Round World.' The body of Indians over whom Mr. Jones presides are a portion of the great tribe of the Chippewas, settled on the banks of the river Credit, seventeen miles to the westward of Toronto, and numbering about 250 souls. These are all Christians, and the elder portion of them are said to be truly devout. They have portions of the Scriptures and hymns in the Chippewa tongue, and speak both it and the English well; though the sermons and prayers are most acceptable to them in their native language. The chief had attended my lectures on Egypt, and expressed himself so pleased with them, that he sent up to the settlement to request as many of the Indians as could be spared from their labours to come down and attend with him the lectures on Palestine; this being the first occasion at which any Indians had ever been assembled for such a purpose in Canada. To our inquiries respecting the progress of Christianity among the Indians, and the influence of the new faith on their lives and actions, he replied, that the work of conversion from the pagan superstitions of the adults was very difficult, and its progress accordingly extremely slow; and that their chief hope lay in the education of the children. The Credit settlement was supported entirely by agriculture, at which all the Indians laboured with industry; though in the winter they indulged themselves with the pleasures of the chase, and supplied themselves with venison from the deer of the woods for the remainder of the year. The men adopt the European dress, but the women retain the Indian robe or blanket. The stream along the banks of which they live is called by the Chippewa name of 'Muhze-nuhega-zeebe,' which means 'the river where credit is given,' commemorating this feature of its history: in the early days of the province, when the only white men that ever visited it were the fur-traders, this was the place of their meeting with the red men; and as articles were sometimes supplied to them above the value of the furs they had in hand,

and payment for these was deferred till their meeting in the same place in the following year, the stream was called by the name mentioned, which it is always likely to retain. Among the pagan Indians that inhabit the northern and western borders of Upper Canada, Peter Jones had sometimes gone for the purpose of persuading them to embrace Christianity, but hitherto he had met with no success; nor did he think it likely that any of the men who had passed the middle period of life would ever be prevailed upon to change their religion. On the last occasion of his preaching to such a tribe he was listened to with silence and respect—this being an attention which Indians always pay to any discourse, however opposite to their own views those of the speaker may be—a courtesy well worthy the imitation of their more civilised white brethren in Europe. At the close of the sermon, however, one of the chiefs rose and addressed the missionary to the following effect. He said that he had no doubt the religion of Christ was a good religion, but it was made for the white man, though he did not seem to regulate his conduct very much by its precepts. But, he added, God has made another religion for the red man, which is much better for him to follow. In proof of this he related the fact of one of the Indians of another tribe, who had embraced Christianity, dying, and remaining dead for three days. When they were about to bury him, however, he recovered, and awoke again to life: after which he related that during the last three days he had been in the heaven of the Christians, where he was very happy; but God at length observing him among the white men, asked him how he came there? to which he replied, that having embraced Christianity, and died in that faith, he came naturally to the Christian's heaven. God then told him he was entirely mistaken, as the Christian religion and the Christian heaven were for white men only. He bade him therefore instantly to leave the place, go back to earth again, and follow the religion of his fathers; when, at his death, he would be admitted into the heaven of the red men, and there enjoy with them the pleasures of the hunting-ground and the wigwam, with plenty of game. The Indian accordingly renounced the new religion and went back to the old, lived a long while afterwards, and died happily in a good old age. 'After this,' said the chief, 'I cannot think of leaving the religion of the red man for the religion of the white; for, like the Indian whose history I have recounted to you, I might be turned out of the white man's heaven by the Almighty, as having no right to be there; and the opportunity might not be afforded me of returning again to the earth to win the red man's heaven by a return to my own proper religion, and thus I might risk the loss of both.' This speech, said Mr. Jones, made such an impression on the pagan hearers of the tribe, that it was in vain to address them farther on the subject. The Indians in Upper Canada are not numerous, their whole number not exceeding 8000. Many portions of them are civilised sufficiently to have forsaken the hunter-state and embraced the agricultural. A number of these appear to conform cheerfully to the change, and to be good subjects and good Christians; but some among the number continue indolent, dissolute, and drunken."

We flatter ourselves that even from these brief examples the value of this publication will be appreciated. The actual condition of our North-American colonies cannot be too much discussed, nor too well understood.

PARIS'S LETTERS FROM THE PYRENEES.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

At Cauterets was found a nice French hotel; and we are told:—"The town of Cauterets is situated, like an outpost of civilisation, upon the granite frontier of an uninhabited region; the silence of which is alone disturbed by falling rocks and rushing torrents. It is a watering-place that offers to the stranger the enjoyment of good society, as well as a ready access to some of the finest scenery in the Pyrenees."

Of these misty mountain-tops we shall borrow but one descriptive passage:—

"Having climbed the grassy pastures near the summit, I at length stood upon the crest of the ridge, whence I looked upon a mountain-region of great extent. Of all these bird-eye views over the High Pyrenees desolation is the prevailing characteristic; for although from many gorges and valleys the heights appear to be covered by luxuriant woods, it must be remembered that the slope of the mountain conceals its giant shoulders, as well as the greater part of its body; a fact which is immediately perceived upon ascending a neighbouring elevation, when the vast forests that seem to clothe it even to the very summit may be seen to sink lower and lower the higher we rise, and gradually to disappear in the deep gulfs that separate the ridges, whilst the upper zone of pasture or naked rock becomes developed. Cone-shaped mountains, moreover, of which you may perhaps actually see the summits from the valley, have their upper regions so foreshortened, that we are quite unable to judge of their magnitude or fertility until we view them from an opposite height. When perched upon these aerial summits in the midst of the Hautes Pyrenees, we can see nothing around us but long desolate ridges, scored and broken by torrents; vegetation lies crouching in the hollows, and the bare bones of this wonderful earth alone meet the eye. The tint of these prospects I have always observed to be either ultramarine or pink, depending of course upon my position in regard to the sun: as I stood upon this huge ridge, looking down into the depths, in which lie Luz on the one side and Cauterets on the other, and imagining how an Atlas might sit astride upon its back and uphold the heavens, these different colours were most broadly set forth in the picture. The sun was shining above, a little way to the west, and the realms of the Vignemale which lay on that side were of the deepest blue, whilst Mont Perdu and the mountainous regions to the east were steeped in the hue of the rose, which is certainly far less beautiful as the colour of a mountain prospect."

The more rugged mountains are well described wherever our enthusiastic sketcher passed; but for these we must refer to his letter-press and clever woodcuts. The following is more familiar, near Biescas, in a night-march: "We passed to it along the mountain-side of a broad valley running north and south, by the light of a full moon—more gloriously bright than I had ever seen it—and were much astonished as we went along at the shrill and incessant chirping of the grasshoppers. These insects abound in the Pyrenees, but I never heard their stunning music out of Spain, nor indeed as I did on this night. Many of them are furnished with crimson or light blue wings, with which they sustain a flight of several yards, and whilst on the wing have the appearance of moths and butterflies."

A night in the most trying situation will supply our closing extract, and afford some notion of the severe hardships to which lan-

guageless and pedestrian wanderings in these parts are exposed.

"As day faded into night we reached the valley, and the long-coveted green mountain was opposite, but still unattainable, for a raging torrent rolled at the foot of it, which it was impossible to pass. We found ourselves in a *cul-de-sac*, from which we could not escape without the light of day,—one of those bare Spanish water-courses, without a tree or shrub that could afford shelter. A little lower down the mountains closed in upon it, merely leaving a narrow channel for the stream, and in the other direction the valley rose steeply to distant heights covered with snow. We stood still for a few moments to contemplate our position, when, observing two shepherds high up on the opposite side, we shouted valiantly at the top of our voices; but the noise of the rushing waters drowned our efforts, and they vanished in the gloom. Nothing now was to be done but to make the best arrangements we could for passing the night: we had no food with us, and were literally famishing; the air was severely cold, and nothing could be more threatening than the aspect of the clouds. To build up some sort of protection was of course our first determination; and, after searching about, we found a rock that we thought would serve well enough for a back to our proposed dwelling: we accordingly set to work about half-past eight collecting the great stones of the torrent, and by half-past ten I had built up a wall about five feet high on my side; but that of my companion's had not yet attained so great an elevation. We were very weary, and our hands were cut and bruised by the granite, but the labour served well to pass the time and to keep us warm. The clouds, however, that had been long threatening now broke into rain, and drove us to our wretched walls; but they yielded not the slightest shelter, there being no roof or front to the dwelling, and the rain came from a quarter the very opposite to that which we had expected. We sat gloomily down on our two stone seats with a prospect more wretched than can be well imagined. Happily the rain passed off before we were completely wet, and the moon shone forth brilliantly, though the sky becoming more clear increased the intensity of the cold. O—now resumed his work at the wall, which he built nearly as high as mine, and we then crouched down close to each other, buttoning up our coats of brown holland as tightly as possible, and I hung a letter before my face as some protection from the cold wind, whilst my companion threw his handkerchief over his head and face, pulled his slouched hat over his brows, thrust his hands into his pockets, and, drawing up his legs, brought his chin close to his knees: I did so likewise, and we then huddled closely together like love-birds. We were considerably wet from having waded for so many hours through deep snow, and the degree of our suffering from cold it is impossible to describe: I will only say, I would not pass such another night for any temptation that could be offered. We shivered like aspen-leaves, and our teeth chattered incessantly—mine to such an extent that I could scarcely speak from the rapid though involuntarily motion of my jaws: to sleep was hardly possible—although I think I dozed once or twice. At midnight we lighted two cigars, which I fortunately had with me—their ends having been bitten off at half past ten, when we had wisely postponed smoking them to a later hour: these were indeed a treasure—they were food and drink to us; we smoked, walked about furiously, and then again crouched down, and commenced singing most

energetically—the chattering of the teeth mingling hysterically with the chorus; and never before, I will be bound to say, did that wild valley reverberate such fiendish glee; but our ghastly mirth died away, and we sat shivering and suffering in silence the rest of the night. Never was Aurora more tardy in her appearance than on the morning of the twenty-sixth: we looked at the sky and the bright stars, and wondered it was not day. At length, however, at five o'clock, they grew dim and faded, the green mountain loomed gradually through the darkness, and we arose with delight, although in a dreadful state from cold and fasting. We looked at the precipices we had descended in astonishment and awe, as we became fully impressed with the extent of the danger we had undergone; and, leaving our dwelling, the scene of so much suffering, we started up the valley, in order to seek a passage over the torrent: it was not, however, to be found, and we continued our way until we came in sight of a flock of sheep and a shepherd's hut, sheltered by an impending precipice."

TITMARCH'S IRISH SKETCHES.

[Third notice: conclusion.]

THE Giant's Causeway was a great disappointment to our traveller, who describes the mode in which he was seized, bandied about, and torn to pieces, by guides, boatmen, sellers of specimens, &c., in a ludicrous style:—

"*Mon Dieu!* (he exclaims at first sight) and have I travelled a hundred and fifty miles to see that? I declare, upon my conscience, the barge moored at Hungerford Market is a more majestic object, and seems to occupy as much space. As for telling a man that the causeway is merely a part of the sight; that he is there for the purpose of examining the surrounding scenery; that if he looks to the westward he will see Portrush and Donegal-head before him; that the cliffs immediately in his front are green in some places, black in others, interspersed with blotches of brown and streaks of verdure;—what is all this to a lonely individual lying sick in a boat, between two immense waves that only give him momentary glimpses of the land in question, to show that it is frightfully near, and yet you are an hour from it? They won't let you go away—that cursed guide *will* tell out his stock of legends and stories. The boatmen insist upon your looking at boxes of 'specimens,' which you must buy of them; they laugh as you grow paler and paler; they offer you more and more 'specimens,' even the dirty lad who pulls number three, and is not allowed by his comrades to speak, puts in his oar, and hands you over a piece of Irish diamond (it looks like half-sucked allicompayne), and scorns you. 'Hurrah, lads, now for it, give way!' how the oars do hurtle in the rullocks, as the boat goes up an aqueous mountain, and then down into one of those cursed maritime valleys where there is no rest as on shore! At last after they had pulled me enough about, and sold me all the boxes of specimens, I was permitted to land at the spot whence we set out, and whence, though we had been rowing for an hour, we had never been above five hundred yards distant. Let all Cockneys take warning from this; let the solitary one, caught issuing from the back door of the hotel, shout at once to the boatmen to be gone—that he will have none of them. Let him, at any rate, go first down to the water to determine whether it be smooth enough to allow him to take any decent pleasure by riding on its surface. For after all, it must be remembered that it is pleasure we come for—that we

are not obliged to take those boats. Well, well! I paid ten shillings for mine, and ten minutes before would cheerfully have paid five pounds to be allowed to quit it: it was no hard bargain after all. As for the boxes of spar and specimens, I at once, being on terra firma, broke my promise, and said I would see them all—first. It is wrong to swear, I know; but sometimes it relieves one so much! * * * And now (he continues in another mood) by force of money, having got rid of the sea and land beggars, you are at liberty to examine at your leisure the wonders of the place. There is not the least need for a guide to attend the stranger, unless the latter have a mind to listen to a parcel of legends, which may be well from the mouth of a wild simple peasant who believes in his tales, but are odious from a dullard who narrates them at the rate of sixpence a lie. Fee him and the other beggars, and at last you are left tranquil to look at the strange scene with your own eyes, and enjoy your own thoughts at leisure. That is, if the thoughts awakened by such a scene may be called enjoyment; but for me, I confess, they are too near akin to fear to be pleasant; and I don't know that I would desire to change that sensation of awe and terror which the hour's walk occasioned, for a greater familiarity with this wild, sad, lonely place. The solitude is awful. I can't understand how those chattering guides dare to lift up their voices here, and cry for money. It looks like the beginning of the world, somehow: the sea looks older than in other places, the hills and rocks strange, and formed differently from other rocks and hills—as those vast dubious monsters were formed who possessed the earth before man. The hill-tops are shattered into a thousand cragged fantastical shapes; the water comes swelling into scores of little strange creeks, or goes off with a leap, roaring into those mysterious caves yonder, which penetrate who knows how far into our common world? The savage rock-sides are painted of a hundred colours. Does the sun ever shine here? When the world was moulded and fashioned out of formless chaos, this must have been the *bit over*—a remnant of chaos! Think of that!—it is a tailor's smile."

Another great Irish object is thus painted:—
"Of the College of Maynooth I must likewise speak briefly, for the reason that an accurate description of that establishment would be of necessity so disagreeable, that it is best to pass it over in a few words. An Irish union-house is a palace to us. Ruin so needless, filth so disgusting, such a look of lazy squalor, no Englishman who has not seen can conceive. Lecture-room and dining-hall, kitchen and students' room, were all the same. I shall never forget the sight of scores of shoulders of mutton lying on the filthy floor in the former, or the view of a bed and dressing-table that I saw in the other. Let the next Maynooth grant include a few shillings' worth of whitewash and a few hundredweights of soap; and if to this be added a half score of drill-sergeants to see that the students appear clean at lecture, and to teach them to keep their heads up and to look people in the face, parliament will introduce some cheap reforms into the seminary, which were never needed more than here. Why should the place be so shamefully ruinous and foully dirty? Lime is cheap, and water plenty at the canal hard by. Why should a stranger, after a week's stay in the country, be able to discover a priest by the scowl on his face and his doubtful downcast manner? Is it a point of discipline that his reverence should be made to look as ill-humoured as possible? And I

hope these words will not be taken hostilely. It would have been quite as easy and more pleasant to say the contrary, had the contrary seemed to me to have been the fact, and to have declared that the priests were remarkable for their expression of candour, and their college for its extreme neatness and cleanliness."

With this we would close our review, but that we are tempted to exemplify two or three of the beautiful expressions with which the descriptions and the whimsicalities of the work are so frequently adorned. Thus in Wicklow:

"After leaving Bray, with its pleasant bay, and pleasant river, and pleasant inn, the little Wicklow tour may be said to commence properly; and, as that romantic and beautiful country has been described many times in familiar terms, our only chance is to speak thereof in romantic and beautiful language, such as no other writer can possibly have employed. We rang at the gate of the steward's lodge, and said, 'Grant us a pass, we pray, to see the parks of Powerscourt, and to behold the brown deer upon the grass, and the cool shadows under the whispering trees.' But the steward's son answered, 'You may not see the parks of Powerscourt; for the lord of the castle comes home, and we expect him daily.' So, wondering at this reply, but not understanding the same, we took leave of the son of the steward, and said, 'No doubt Powerscourt is not fit to see. Have we not seen parks in England, my brother, and shall we break our hearts that this Irish one hath its gates closed to us?' Then the car-boy said, 'My lords, the park is shut, but the waterfall runs for every man; will it please you see the waterfall?' 'Boy,' we replied, 'we have seen many waterfalls; nevertheless, lead on!'—and the boy took his pipe out of his mouth, and belaboured the ribs of his beast. And the horse made believe, as it were, to trot, and jolted the ardent travellers; and we passed the green trees of Tinnelich, which the grateful Irish nation bought and consecrated to the race of Grattan; and we said, 'What nation will spend fifty thousand pounds for our benefit?' and we wished we might get it, and we passed on. The birds were, meanwhile, chanting concerts in the woods; and the sun was double-gilding the golden corn. And we came to a hill, which was steep and long of descent, and the car-boy said, 'My lords, I may never descend this hill with safety to your honours' bones; for my horse is not sure of foot, and loves to kneel in the highway; descend therefore, and I will await your return here on the top of the hill.' So we descended, and one grumbled greatly; but the other said, 'Sir, be of good heart! the way is pleasant, and the footman will not weary as he travels it;' and we went through the swinging gates of a park, where the harvest-men sat at their potatoes—a *mealy meal*. The way was not short, as the companion said, but still it was a pleasant way to walk. Green stretches of grass were there, and a forest nigh at hand. It was but September, yet the autumn had already begun to turn the green ones into red; and the ferns that were waving underneath the trees were reddened and fading too. And as Dr. Jones's boys of a Saturday disport in the meadows after school-hours, so did the little clouds run races over the waving grass. And as grave ushers who look on smiling at the sports of these little ones, so stood the old trees around the green, whispering and nodding to one another."

And in the Dublin union—"Here, sir, is the nursery," said the guide, flinging open the door of a long room. There may have been eighty babies in it, with as many nurses and

mothers. Close to the door sat one with as beautiful a face as I almost ever saw; she had at her breast a very sickly and puny child, and looked up, as we entered, with a pair of angelical eyes, and a face that Mr. Eastlake could paint—a face that *had been angelical, that is; for there was the snow still, as it were, but with the footprint on it*. I asked her how old she was; she did not know. She could not have been more than fifteen years, the poor child. She said she had been a servant; and there was no need of asking any thing more about her story. I saw her grinning at one of her comrades as we went out of the room; her face did not look angelical then. Ah, young master or old, young or old villain, who did this!—have you not enough wickedness of your own to answer for, that you must take another's sins upon your shoulders, and be this wretched child's sponsor in crime?"

If Titmarsh can be humorous, cannot he also be pathetic! And poetical too, as an admirably rhymed ballad in these pages will testify.

Observations on the Extraction of Teeth. With Plates. By J. Chitty Clendon, Surgeon-Dentist. Pp. 80. London, S. Highley.

This is a strictly professional work, and therefore not suited to a long commentary. The author purposes to call attention to what he terms the present painful, unscientific, and sometimes dangerous, method of extracting teeth, and to point out another, which he says may always be performed with less pain and perfect safety. This method, which appears to be an advocacy of the forceps over the key, does not strike us as being very new; but we leave the subject to the dentists. The author also combats the pernicious system, which he asserts is frequently pursued in the present day, of anticipating by forcible means the removal of children's teeth, which ought to be left to the ordinary operations of nature. We have seldom works on dental surgery presented to our notice which do not contain some quackery in them—the present is an honourable exception.

The King's Son: a Romance. Edited by Mrs. Hofland. 3 vols. Colburn.

This is, we understand, a first work, given to the public under the auspices of an honoured name. We have repeatedly remarked upon this practice, and not approvingly. It approaches the character of the facts of the Cockney Catechism. This, however, though it may mislead romance-readers, cannot interfere with the duty of the critic, which alone hath to do with the merits of the publication. His office, moreover, should always be one of gentleness and encouragement to the labours of young authors. The latter is our pleasure to the present production. The period of history with which the romance is interwoven is the reign of Henry VII., when there were more than one pretender to the throne, personating Edward's son. The sham king Simnel was crowned in Ireland, but afterwards served in King Henry's household. The second Simnel, the tool of the Duchess of Burgundy, Perkin Warbeck, is the chief character of the romance, and he is treated therein as the real Duke of York. The principal merit of the *King's Son* is the quick succession of incident, and which renders it very amusing for young readers.

Bibliotheca Clericalis: a Catalogue of the Books in the Reading-Rooms, Little Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. London, J. Darling.

A *GOODLY* catalogue of a library established little more than two years. Clergymen, students in divinity, and others, looking out for

biblical works and religious authors, will do well to visit Mr. Darling's repository, and consult his *Bibliotheca*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE usual circular, summoning the lieges to Cork for Thursday, the 17th of August, has just been issued. We observe from it that the General Committee is to assemble on the preceding day; that the Sections are to meet five times, viz. from the Thursday to Tuesday, and the last general evening meeting to be on Wednesday, the 23d. A room is provided for the exhibition of models, machinery, specimens of natural products, &c. The preparations and promise of attendance, we are glad to say, indicate that there will be no falling off at this thirteenth parliament of practical and social science.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

ON Monday the anniversary meeting of this society took place, for the election of officers, &c. Mr. W. R. Hamilton, president, in the chair.—The society during the past year has had an increase of 14 members, and now consists of 655, besides 60 foreign, honorary, and corresponding members. The donations to the library during the same period have been 417 volumes, and 206 maps and charts; 30 of the latter presented by the hydrographic department of the Admiralty.

The gold medal of the society entitled the Patron's Medal having been awarded to Lieut. J. F. Symonds, R.E., for his triangulation over a part of Palestine, and for his determination of the difference between the levels of the Dead Sea and Lake Tiberias and that of the Mediterranean, was received for him by his father, Sir W. Symonds; and the gold medal entitled the Founder's Medal, which was awarded to Mr. E. J. Eyre, for his zealous and enterprising explorations in Australia under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, was handed over to the secretary, to be forwarded to Mr. Eyre. The president then read his Anniversary Address. After which the ballot took place, when the following were unanimously elected:—R. J. Murchison, Esq., *president*, vice W. R. Hamilton, Esq., who retires; Sir John Rennie and W. R. Hamilton, Esq., *vice-presidents*, vice R. J. Murchison, Esq., and Sir C. Malcolm, retiring from the vice-presidency; Rear-Admiral Bowles, T. G. B. Estcourt, Esq., W. P. Crawford, Esq., G. Dodd, Esq., Sir C. Malcolm, H. Long, Esq., W. C. Trevelyan, Esq., and Sir W. Chatterton, *members of council*, vice an equal number who retire. The thanks of the society having then been voted to the outgoing president, vice-presidents, and councillors, for their valuable services, the meeting was concluded. The members will dine together on Monday the 19th June, at half-past six, at the New Thatched House Tavern, St. James's Street.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

May 19.—Sir J. South "On the importance of telescopes of large aperture, and of the method adopted, particularly by the Earl of Rosse, for obtaining them." Had the subject been divided, sufficient matter would have been available for two Friday-evening meetings. The one part might have been, with advantage, confined to the history of the telescope; the other, to the practical construction of specula, and the altered aspects of nebulae beheld under improved powers. With the latter only shall we deal slightly in our present notice, merely

remarking, that throughout the former Sir J. South brought serious charges of neglect of valuable ancient instruments against the Royal Society, which, we trust, can be explained away. That the Earl of Rosse has constructed a reflecting telescope, with a speculum of 3 feet diameter, made of parts soldered together; and that more recently he has cast—not has had cast, for he is the designer and the founder of his own castings—a solid speculum, of metal as brittle as glass, of 6 feet diameter, 3 tons in weight, is already known to our readers. The difficulties he had to encounter were immense; but his talent and industry overcame them all; and the 6-feet speculum, having been four months in the annealing oven, is now, without an accident of any moment, ready for polishing. What may be done with such a gigantic instrument when completed, and in such hands, we will not conjecture; but by reverting to the past, the results obtained by the 3-feet speculum, endeavour to shadow forth the future. With that telescope Lord Rosse has directed his observations to the nebulae discovered, described, and projected by Sir W. Herschel and his gifted son, and has drawn their appearances as represented by the greatly enlarged telescope. The contrast is most striking. Seen through the telescope at Slough, they were defined, though various, in form; but through that at Birr, amorphous, and consisting of thousands of stars! Lord Rosse is engaged in modelling the moon as shewn in the 3-feet telescope: a specimen was exhibited, a model of one of the ring mountains, we think, of Tycho.

In the library, amongst other things, we noticed a patented invention for the protection of stair-carpeting, and called "Saotape nosing," a curious compound title. The nosing or beveled edge of each step may be cut through vertically, and the carpet then passed down tightly, in contact every where with the wood-work of the stairs, presenting no edges for wear and tear, being protected by the nosing, which may be left either as plain or painted wood, or covered and stuffed. The nosing also may be altogether independent of the stair, fixed on and supported by uprights, which will keep the carpet in its place, dispensing with the use of stair-rods. Specimens of carved oak thus attached, having the appearance of stair-frames, were highly ornamental.

ELECTRICAL SOIRÉE.

It is with pleasure that we record an evening passed at Mr. Gassiot's, Clapham, devoted to electrical exhibition. The purpose of the assembling on Monday was also highly creditable—to do honour to M. de la Rive, an eminent continental electrician, and to display to him the spirit with which electrical inquiry is conducted in this country. No private individual in Great Britain stands higher in this respect than Mr. Gassiot; he ranks with Mr. Cross and Lord Rosse, the former an electrician, the latter a practical mechanic and chemist on a gigantic scale. As proof, on Monday a Grove's battery of 100 pairs was in action, also a very extensive series of the gaseous battery, and a water battery, comprising 3,520 pairs; the latter has been in action upwards of two years, and sparks at a hundredth of an inch and in seconds of time have been obtained from it. The effulgence of the light from the carbon points of the first arrangement was almost beyond belief. To look at it direct was painful. Its effect, however, we fully appreciated, by observing the brilliancy it imparted to the natural colours of foreign moths and butterflies

in a case suspended against the wall. Had they been in fluttering existence, winging their way through tropical sunlight, they could not have looked more bright or beautiful. Another pleasing proof of the power of the electrical light was the distance, through the window, it penetrated the outer darkness, shooting over the lawn; but now softened into the sweetest moonlight, and yet clothing the shrubs and turf with intense green. The experiments with the electrodes of this extensive series were,—the influence of the magnet on the luminous arc; the difference of heating effects in the two poles; the sulphuret of antimony, a non-conducting substance, rendered a conductor by fusion, &c. &c. In another and another room were objects of attraction;—a Wheatstone's electro-magnetic machine; electrotypes; microscopic objects, amongst them the *Acarus Crossii*; metalochromes; *cum multis aliis*.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

May 15.—Mr. T. Tooke, vice-president, in the chair. A paper by M. Passy, of Paris, "On the division of heritable property, and its influence on the distribution of wealth," was read. The author commences by shewing, that, among the ancients, all attempts to legislate for the preservation of equality of wealth failed; and then proceeds to notice the most powerful causes constantly in operation to account for these facts, and passes to the special reasons in France, the most important of which he conceives to be the unequal number of children born to a marriage in the different classes of society, and the fact that the rich class has fewest of all. Throughout the whole of Europe marriages are less prolific in large than small towns, and less again in these than in the rural districts. The following facts are established as regards France from existing documents:—From 1826 to 1836 the average number of legitimate children born annually was 904,702; and as the average number of marriages during the same period was 256,927, it follows that there has been to each marriage a little more than 3·52 births. Taking the thirty-nine principal towns in France of more than 20,000 inhabitants, it is found that they contain a population of 2,634,532 souls, and that the annual average of births has been 65,290, and of marriages 21,374, giving only 3·05 births to a marriage: thus the average of births in these towns is less than that of the country in general by 0·47, and less than the average of rural districts and towns under 20,000 inhabitants united by 0·51, or nearly 15 per cent. The effect which riches have upon restraining the fertility of marriages is no where more apparent than in Paris, where in the four arrondissements united, which are inhabited by the most opulent families, the number of children to a marriage is only 1·97, and that of the four poorest, on the contrary, is 2·86. If, therefore, the most opulent portion of the population of Paris, which has not two children to a marriage, was not renewed by the accession to its rank of families recently enriched, it would be speedily diminished, and its progress towards extinction would be most rapid. In 1815 there were 10,083,751 names registered as landed proprietors; in 1835 it appears there were 10,893,528, giving an increase in twenty years of 8 per cent of proprietors—an important fact if the population had remained stationary; but to estimate it rightly, it is necessary to consider what has been the advance of the population during the same period. In 1815 it was only 29,152,743, while in 1835 it had reached 33,326,573, an increase of 14 per cent. Thus while the number of proprietors

only increased 8 per cent the population increased 14 per cent—proving that, instead of increasing in equal ratio, the number of proprietors is proportionably diminished. The value of property transmitted by will or inheritance in 1826 was 1,345,711,516 francs, and in 1836 it had increased to 1,560,320,825; thus shewing that the real and personal property transmitted by deaths increased nearly 16 per cent in eleven years. This fact deserves serious consideration. If the classes possessing property have not multiplied as fast as the rest of the community, they have at least gained 4 per cent in the thirteen years prior to 1836; and yet far from the fortunes of individuals being diminished by it, the general progress of wealth has increased; thus benefiting a class of proprietors who, during the same period, have only contributed 4 per cent to the total increase of the population. Such are the changes that have taken place in France in the distribution and condition of private fortunes. Division of inheritances, far from having produced equality in the distribution of wealth, have been overcome by the causes tending to inequality, and a tendency towards concentration has resulted. The population has increased in France in the last thirteen years 8 per cent, wealth more than 16 per cent; and if the classes of proprietors have seen their fortunes augmented, the working classes have seen the fund which remunerates their toil increase more rapidly than the hands which divide it.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, May 20, 1843.

Academy of Sciences: sitting of May 15th.—The new elements for the Mauvais comet, calculated from observations on the 4th, 6th, and 8th May, and corrected for parallax and aberration, are—

Passage to the perihelion . . .	10-962114
Perihelion distance . . .	1-631366
Longitude of the perihelion . . .	284° 52' 0"
Long. of the ascending node . . .	156° 49' 47"
Inclination . . .	53° 21' 32"
Movement direct.	

The aurora borealis seen at Paris, Rheims, Brussels, and other places, on the 6th instant, was described as follows:—

M. Desdouts, at Paris, remarked that the direction of the luminous band was not that of the magnetic meridian, it inclined slightly towards the east.—M. Moigno says the inclination of this band to the horizon was at an angle of about 70°. He had observed the almost sudden appearance of two great centres of diffused light to the right and to the left of *Cassiopeia*, but a little higher. These two centres, for nearly a quarter of an hour, gave out light sufficiently bright to dim stars of the 4th magnitude.—At Brussels, M. Quetelet, had observed that the phenomenon was accompanied by magnetic disturbance of greater force than any noted there for four years, during which time regular observations on terrestrial magnetism have been made. The mean of the magnetometer is nearly at the division 63·00; at 11^h 46^m on the evening of the 6th May the instrument marked 77·67, a difference compared with the mean state of about 15 divisions, or 54 minutes.—M. Coulvier-Gravier had seen, about eleven o'clock, a meteor shoot from near the tail of the Great Bear in a direction from S.W. to N.E., traversing the square of the Little Bear, and a mass of very bright light entirely covering this square. He distinctly observed the meteor, obscured by this luminous mass, regain its brightness after having passed it. Another meteor, at about 11^h 18^m, traversing the hea-

vens from S. to N., and meeting with this luminous cloud, was eclipsed for some time. M. Couvier-Gravier deduces from these two observations that the height of these shooting-stars is much greater than that of the fluid or luminous gas which gives rise to the aurora borealis.

M. Cloron de Blainville writes that a submarine volcano burst forth on the 7th May, about 4 P.M., nearly mid-channel between the eastern point of Marie-Galante and Guadalupe: a very large column of blackish water spouted out in a whirl to a considerable height. It was raised by jets, and all around, to a great distance, the sea was covered with smoke, or rather vapour. It lasted about half an hour. The writer attributes to the action of this volcano the repeated shocks of earthquake felt at Guadalupe since the catastrophe of the 8th of February, and perhaps the catastrophe itself. He considers the eruption a guarantee against any new shocks.

A.precis, by M. Demidoff, of the gold workings in Siberia, and of their progressive increase since 1830, was submitted. The quantity of gold extracted in 1830 was, in round numbers, 5 pounds; the quantity in 1842, 631 pounds: a pound is equal to 16.42 kilogrammes. During the thirteen years the amount of gold obtained has been 34,000 kilogrammes. M. Demidoff also sent a drawing of a piece of native gold found on the 26th Oct., 1842, weighing 2 pounds, 7 livres, 92 zolotniks.

M. Morren has produced copies of medals by "electrical repulsion," in the following manner: the medal is first to be covered with a fine powder, tripoli or whiting, pressed with the finger into all the parts protected by the relief; it is then to be slightly rubbed with cotton, and turned over, to deprive it of all excess of dust, and in this position placed on a cake of resin, or any isolating substance: if now a stick of gum-lac, strongly electrified, be brought over it, the light particles will be driven from the parts in relief, and will design the image on the cake of resin.

M. Donnè has projected an instrument to appreciate, according to the degree of opacity of milk, the quantity of fatty matter it contains.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, May 18.—C. P. Ring, Esq., Bachelor of Medicine, of Trin. Coll., Dublin; and M. J. Rhodes, Esq., M.A., of Trin. Coll., Cambridge, were admitted students.

The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. Marshall, Worcester Coll., grand compounder; Rev. R. St. John Shirreff, Wadham College; Rev. H. M. Richards, W. Lempriere, Christ Church; Rev. E. Rudall, Pembroke College; Rev. E. C. Holt, Brasenose College; H. E. Adair, St. John's College; J. E. Welby, fellow, A. A. Barker, demy of Magd. College; T. Jones, Magd. Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.—C. S. Plummer, Balliol College, grand compounder; L. H. Y. A. Loftus, Oriel Coll.; G. M. Houghton, Lincoln College; J. B. Taunton, All Souls' College; J. Williams, Queen's College; H. E. Havensall, New College; T. Wilson, C. B. Jackson, F. Tipping, J. J. T. Somers-Cocks, J. Randolph, R. White, Brasenose College; A. F. Weekes, H. Watson, Wadham College; F. Leigh, Magd. Hall; H. Dawson, J. D. Gray, H. W. Hoskins, J. Hawker, W. B. Loft, Hon. F. Byron, Balliol College; W. Wodehouse, J. D. Grenside, J. McConnel Hussey, Exeter College; A. R. Pain, Pembroke College; Hon. A. Irby, W. Paxton, Trinity College.

CAMBRIDGE, May 17.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Honorary Masters of Arts.—The Hon. G. F. S. Elliot, one of the Earl of Minto; the Hon. W. W. B. Ponsonby, one of Viscount Duncannon, Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts.—G. J. Boudier, King's College; F. B. Watson, J. A. Tulk, R. S. M. Buckingham, Trinity College; F. E. Tower, C. A. Tryon, G. Stallard, J. H. Halls, Corpus Ch. College; Whitehouse, Sidney Sussex College.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR

THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Brit. Architects, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.

Thursday.—Zoological, 8 P.M.; Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.

Friday.—Roy. Institution, 8½ P.M.; Botanical, 8 P.M.

Saturday.—Mathematical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

THE ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND

WAS on Saturday last more fully attended than we have seen of late years, Lord John Russell in the chair. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, and their musical attendants,* his lordship prefaced the toast of the day, "Prosperity to the Artists' Benevolent Fund," with a feeling address, in which he pointed out the severity of those afflictions which beset the vicissitudes of an artist's life, (as in all cases where the mind is most cultivated,) and enforced the sound principle of even the prosperous making some provision against the possible evil hour; and the yet more generous devotion of means to alleviate the distresses of others belonging to the same class, and their widows and orphans whom misfortune had thrown destitute and helpless upon the world. Other toasts called up Mr. Ewart, Sir D. Le Marchant, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Solly, Mr. Westmacott, and Mr. Gally Knight; and it is particularly in reference to what fell from the last mentioned gentleman that we extend this notice beyond the limits we usually allot to matters of this description. Mr. Westmacott, himself an eminent sculptor, having in a very graceful speech proposed the toast of *The Commissioners for the encouragement of the National Arts in connexion with the building of the New Houses of Parliament*, and coupled with it the name of Mr. Knight, one of that body—(the chairman being another),—Mr. Knight, in acknowledging the compliment, stated several things of so much importance to the artists and arts of England, that we are sure the publication of his remarks will be deemed of high interest to the country at large.

"Mr. Knight said that, though a very humble member of the commission, it was his duty to acknowledge the toast, and it gave him pleasure to do so because it afforded him an opportunity of stating, thus publicly, what the commission had hitherto done, what were its views, and what its intentions. He could assure gentlemen present that the commission had not been idle; that its members had diligently employed themselves in considering what would be the most effectual means of encouraging British, and nothing but British art; and had taken steps by which he hoped that end would be attained. As a preliminary measure, they had offered a certain number of prizes for the best cartoons which should be produced by British artists. In this they had a double object; in the first place, to encourage that correctness of design which is the groundwork of all excellence in painting, and which has not been generally sufficiently attended to in this country; in the second place, to ascertain what power of representing historical subjects existed in England, whether amongst established artists, or amongst those who had not yet had an opportunity of making themselves known. The cartoons would be exhibited in Westminster Hall, in the course of June; and to that exhibition the public would be admitted. The

* Well performed by Messrs. Broadhurst, Hobbs, Chapman, Hatton, and the Misses Pyne, and including Mr. Hobbs's stirring and very popular song, after the health of Prince Albert and the Royal Family—"God bless thee, Queen of England."

commission had taken the greatest pains in constituting the tribunal which was to pass sentence on the respective merits of the cartoons, and award the prizes. They had constituted such a tribunal as they hoped would be at once satisfactory to the public, and to the artists themselves. It was to be a mixed tribunal of members of the commission, and professional men; and he was persuaded that, when the names were known, the public and the artists would be satisfied with the judges, and every man, whether successful or not, would feel convinced that he had had fair play. He must repeat that the cartoons were only a preliminary measure. It was not yet decided whether paintings in oil, or in fresco, or both, should be ultimately adopted in the decoration of the new Houses of Parliament: that would be an ulterior consideration. After the competition of cartoons, the sculptors of this country would be invited to exhibit samples of their art, with a view to assist the commission in their selection of the sculptors to be employed. The same opportunity would be offered to artists of a humbler, but still very effective, class—painters on glass, and carvers of wood, whose works added so much to the embellishment of buildings in the pointed style. Such were the steps which had already been taken by the commission. But he should not be doing justice to the prince who was at the head of it—the prince who, in so short a time, had won the hearts of a whole nation—were he to omit to state how sedulously Prince Albert had performed the task which he had undertaken, and how deep an interest he took in the promotion of art in this country. There was no member of the commission who had laboured more regularly or assiduously than Prince Albert; no member whose opinions had been of greater service. Prince Albert not only took an interest in the arts, but he understood them; and he (Mr. Knight) was sure that the artists of this country would be glad to know that their interests were constantly watched over by such a protector. After all, it must be recollected that it would depend upon the House of Commons how far the wishes of the commission could be carried into effect; for it was evident that they could not be carried into effect without a large grant of public money; but he trusted that, when the encouragement of British art was the object, a British House of Commons would evince no niggardly disposition, and as the artists who were present would perceive that, in their noble president and himself, they had friends on both sides of the house, they would see that good hopes might be entertained.

"The noble president of the day had informed the society, that he, and the individual who had now the honour of addressing them, did not sit side by side in the House of Commons as they did on the present occasion; but had added that, out of the house, that made no sort of difference. In this sentiment he (Mr. Knight) cordially joined. It was the pride of this country that political opponents could nevertheless be sincere friends, especially when they met on the neutral ground of charity and the arts. The arts, he thanked God, had nothing to do with party, or rather they belonged to all parties and all opinions; and it greatly enhanced the pleasure which he derived from supporting the Artists' Benevolent Fund, that in doing so he could join hands with men of every persuasion, and cordially work together with them in promoting the good cause which they had in hand. He would say that, having always derived the greatest pleasure—a pleasure of the highest order, at once refining and refined—from

the contemplation of the works of art, he felt bound in gratitude to assist in promoting the objects of that institution; but, in advocating the cause of one branch of the Artists' Benevolent Fund, it was only necessary to name its distinction. Independent of the claims of art, that branch had nature for its friend. It signified little to whom the widow and the orphan may have belonged,—they are widows and orphans. Bitter was the loss which, in all cases, such mourners have sustained—how much aggravated by the pinch of necessity! But in the present case, when there would have been no difficulty, if the husband and the father had continued to live, how much more poignant was the affliction—when the artist's widow contemplates the picture upon which he whom she has lost was last employed, beholds in it a proof of that genius which would have provided for his family, as well as immortalised his name, and exclaims, in the agony of truth—'Oh! had he lived, we should not have known what it is to be in want!'

After this touching image, which would form the subject of a fine picture, Mr. Knight went on to speak with great good sense on the state of the arts in England and the duties of those who pursued them as a profession; but we have to say, which we do with feelings of mortification and disgust, that some of the more vulgar and young artists among the company, who had probably drank more wine than they were accustomed to, grew impatient of an address well calculated to rivet the attention of the sensible and discreet, and interrupted it in a very offensive manner. They forgot the character of the gentleman who was speaking (or perhaps in their ignorance did not know it); that he was not only a liberal friend and patron of our native school, but himself a practical ornament to the fine arts,* whose counsels and advice were most worthy of their consideration. The best, and it is a miserable, apology for their pot-house rudeness, must be, that they were intoxicated; but it was lamentable to witness so much ill-breeding in any portion of those who were appealed to as aspirants to a station among the cultivators of a refined and elevating profession. With such manners we never look to see them above the prize of a 10l. Art-Union;—"success" to that of London was, *apropos*, the next toast, and neatly acknowledged by the secretary, Mr. George Godwin.

The demonstration of boyish folly soon passed away: Mr. Knight took it very good-humouredly, and the evening closed in harmony, with a good subscription of between four and five hundred pounds.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 39. *Landscape Composition*. R. Hilder.—One of several very sweet landscapes by an artist whose name is not familiar to us. These are productions (see 27, 605) true to nature, and of much promise.

No. 60. *The supposed Death of Imogen*. W. F. Witherington, R.A.—The general effect of this picture is sad and pleasing. The four figures are well disposed, and the scene in Cymbeline artistically realised. But though Imogen is in male disguise, she ought not to have masculine limbs, however youthful; and the breast of her male supporter ought not to have so feminine an appearance.—104. *The Hop-Garland*, idem, is a lively piece; and 113, 388, two sketches in Kent, very faithful, and worthy to accompany it.

* See Reviews, in our last No. and 1370, of Mr. Knight's splendid volume of Ecclesiastical Architecture of Italy; not to mention his several preceding beautiful publications on art.

No. 100. *Portrait of the Hon. A. Ponsonby*. E. Landseer, R.A.—A splendid group of a fine boy, a fine pony, and some fine dogs. It has all the touch and spirit of the master.

No. 108. *Hagar and Ishmael*. C. L. Eastlake, R.A.—An exquisite painting. Pure as the most famous of the Italian masters, and full of the deepest emotion. The earth and sky are in unison with the living beings; the former hard and barren, the latter cold and monotonous: yet are both replete with pictorial beauty and rich in art. They add to the sentiment, and are at the same time true to nature. The mother and son are perfect in drawing and colour, and touchingly expressive. The whole is one of the distinguished honours of our native school, exhibiting all the learning of the art, and execution exalted by feeling.

No. 143. *The Holy Man*. T. Uwins, R.A.—Worthy to be noticed in the next paragraph; an interesting subject treated in a pure and an able style.

No. 168. *A Festal Day*, by the same, strongly reminds us of Stothard in his best manner. It is a delightful composition, and nothing meretricious about it.

No. 186. *Portrait of R. Bethell, to be presented by his Constituents, Yorkshire*. J. Partridge.—A good, solid, whole-length portrait; of which the artist has other two equally creditable to him in this Exhibition (302, 371).

No. 211. *Lord Wharfedale*, painted also for Yorkshire by F. Grant, and a very fine, simple, and dignified example of portraiture. Its subdued tone of colouring is most suitable to the subject; the attitude is easy—the head like—and the lights, or rather the positive tints, cleverly carried out by the red dispatch-box of the President of the Council on the table beside him. We have already noticed Mr. Grant's very charming likeness of the Queen; and have only to mention, 307. *The Family of Col. and Mrs. Dawson Damer*; 334. *Lord Charles Scott*; 519. *Lady Margaret Littleton*; and 530. *Mrs. Strutt and Child*, as other excellent specimens of his able and tasteful pencil.

The high position taken by Mr. Grant, who originally began as an amateur, leads us to advert to No. 440 and No. 649. *Portrait of Duarkanauth Tagore and Napoleon at the Battle of Wagram*, by Count D'Orsay. This accomplished gentleman has long been prized by the public for his admirable likenesses of known persons, sketched with wonderful rapidity, and lithographed by (the publisher) Mr. Mitchell. But this is his first appearance as an artist-exhibitor. His *Duarkanauth Tagore* is a striking resemblance, in profile, with all the eastern accessories and costume cleverly painted in. The *Napoleon* is on horseback, and full of spirit. The horse reminds us of one in the Dulwich Gallery; the action is fine, and the rider in a firm seat. Neither picture is so well hung as to enable us to be more particular in our criticism. The count has Napoleon on horseback also among the sculpture, No. 1469, designed for a monument; and also 1491, small whole-length of his father, *Lieut.-Gen. Count D'Orsay*: thus shining in two branches of the fine arts.

No. 210. *Gate of the Mosque of the Metuâles, Grand Cairo*. D. Roberts, R.A.—Another of those superior performances which sustain the high character of the British school and the high fame of the individual artist. It may be briefly dismissed with the panegyric of being one of his splendid illustrations of Egypt and Syria. No. 78. *Entrance to the Crypt, Rosslyn Chapel*, nearer home, and more home to the heart, though perhaps not so lofty for the imagination. Nothing of the kind can be more

beautiful. Nos. 219 and 453 are by the same hand.

No. 218. *Dr. Johnson perusing the MS. of the Vicar of Wakefield, as the last resource for rescuing Goldsmith from Bailiffs*. E. M. Ward.—As it is probable that in a short time the progress of law-reforms will do away with the abominable practice, averted in this instance by literary genius and friendly interference, we may point to the picture as a relic of barbarous times, which put a Goldsmith at the mercy of a vulgar mercenary landlady for his personal freedom, and a debt of a few pounds. Suppose him to have been incarcerated and ruined, as many a noble mind has been, what would the world have lost! An accident preserved him; and this is a well-conceived and well-executed representation of the event; and therefore a production of public interest.

No. 232. *Dinner-time of a Franciscan Refectory, Florence*. S. A. Hart, R.A.—The monks do not look as if every day were a *maigre* day, whatever this may be. It is extremely well painted. The distribution of the messes, the vessels in which they are apportioned, the tables, and the varied expression of the holy men, are all placed in a clear light, and the general tone of the canvass is skilfully kept. No. 483. *Interior of Pisa Cathedral; Galileo, &c.*, is another piece honourable to Mr. Hart's choice of subjects and talents.

No. 237. *The Cynosure of Neighbouring Eyes*. C. Landseer, A.—A very pretty and piquant little gem, which may introduce us to

No. 376. *A festive Scene of the Monks of Melrose (vide Scrope's Salmon-Fishing)*, also by C. Landseer.—How well they fed!—Hart's Franciscans are miserable fellows. Here, in the open air, and under slight shelter of trees, the goodly produce of field and river sports, not forgetful of the cellar, are brought to refresh these religious brethren. The salmon in the hands of a servitor is crimped to perfection; and the blooming girl bringing her dish of creamy milk is finely contrasted with the fish-bearer; though not so with the youth lounging on the ground below. The occupation of the monks is worthy of their abstinent qualities: the whole is a most pleasant and vigorous work.

No. 389. *Flemish Courtship*. W. Etty, R.A.—Out of his usual line, but a capital proof of what his genius can accomplish in any line. In face, and form, and costume, and accessories, the tale is admirably told, and the whole most lively and entertaining. Who would not court such a Flemish coquette?

No. 397. *The Fortune-Hunter*. R. Redgrave, A.—There is much to admire in this piece, though we hardly like the artificial division of the locality, as in a French vaudeville, or English farce. The silks and satins, the floors and carpets, are as fine as Metz. The fortune-hunter and his new flame are well done; but the countenance of the forsaken one does not please us so much. 468. *Going to Service*, by the same, is a natural and affecting domestic scene; and 553, *The Poor Teacher*, a moving sketch of the type of a pitiable race.

No. 249. *A Welsh Glen*. T. Creswick, A. Also 54, 153, 209, 412, various landscapes, by the same. The exhibition boasts nothing finer in landscape than these productions. No. 249, and 412, *Evening*, may be particularly instanced as examples of that delicious poetical fancy with which Mr. Creswick embellishes, without departing from nature. His pencil is pre-eminent for this attribute. Not only are his waters translucent, his foliage accurate, his details, as well as his general features, truth; but they are instinct with a sense of beauty which can-

not be contemplated without appealing to the imagination. The water-fall in 209, and the gleam of light near the rock-top, on the left, are charms of art; but the whole of 412 (nor ought we to pass the others without more praise) is a scene to be gazed on from year to year with an increase of gratification.

No. 255. *Portraits of all the Horses and Jockeys in the Derby won by Little Wonder.* A. Cooper, R.A.—Here is a field. Next to the Derby itself next Wednesday, it is the best worth seeing. Those who, unfortunately, cannot accomplish a drag to the former, may endeavour to console themselves with Cooper's (past) substitute.

OLD WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION.

No. 11. *Netley Abbey: Morning.* F. Nash.—One of a number of sweetly natural landscapes, with which this artist has adorned the exhibition.

No. 32. *Old Harry Point, Dorsetshire.* H. Gastineau. Of this artist we may say the same: there is no departure from his usual and admired manner.

No. 24. The late John Varley has left, as we formerly observed, a few relics for this year. They are deeply imbued with his feeling and power—sombre foliage, and wonderfully fine atmospheric effects.

Nos. 28 to 32, and 40 to 44, &c.—Part of a series of subjects illustrative of art—small, slight, and clever sketches. By J. Stephanoff.

No. 52. *Fishing-Boats off Dieppe.* W. Callow, who is steadily pursuing his simple and natural studies, the results of which are several pleasing subjects.

No. 55. *Forest Scenes.* R. Hills.—Mr. Hills has but few productions in the rooms, and none of them very prominent. They possess, however, on a limited scale, all the merits of his sylvan scenery and beautiful animal life.

No. 63. *Eel-Baskets.*—A fair specimen of the talents (shewn also in other pieces) of G. A. Fripp.

No. 75. *The Gap of Dunloe.* W. Evans.—A grand subject, and well painted.

No. 142. Near the same place, a grand and charming landscape by W. A. Nesfield.

No. 163. *The Sisters.* J. W. Wright. 279. *Asking Consent*; 296. *The Love-Letter*; 327. *Lo-rentzo and Jessica*; 344. *Youth and Age*, all by the same hand, and charmingly executed. The *Love-Letter* is as finely finished and as archly conceived as any thing of its class we ever saw, and a fair sample of the rest.

Nos. 74, 121, 168, &c. *Fruits and Flowers of various kinds*, admirably represented by V. Bartholomew. The last are Azaleas; and they are accompanied by the annexed congenial verses in the Catalogue, written, we presume, by the wife of the artist:—

"Azaleas, with your graceful forms,
The heritage of noble birth;
Ye were not meant to brave the storms
Which blight the common flowers of earth.
Ye are more beautiful than they,
Yet no fond memories round ye cling,
To breathe upon the heart's decay
The freshness of our early spring.
Ye in your pride of bower and hall
Have never met our childhood's gaze;
Ye cannot with a spell recall
The joyous thoughts of bygone days.
Your varied hues and foliage green
The painter well may idolise;
But wilder flowers have ever been
More sacred in the poet's eyes.
Mrs. Valentine Bartholomew."

No. 349. *From the Novel of the Trustee*, by H. Richter.—A stirring scene, and ably transferred from pen to brush.

No. 110. *The little Dunce.* Miss E. Sharpe.—A clever personation; the fair artist has not been so successful with 241, *Una and her Lion*.

We need not specify the performances of J. Cristall, F. Mackenzie (architectural), W. Turner, J. Nash (interiors), J. Whichelo, O. Oakley, Lake Price, and others; because those who are best known and appreciated have merely kept on the level of their way, and those who are more new to the public have done nothing to distinguish themselves from the mass.

Altogether the Exhibition is a very pleasing one, and an honour to this branch of English art.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY. THE COCKNEY CATECHISM,

OR
LONDON ONE LIE!

LESSON XX.

Amusing Notices. Aunt Margery gets Peppery—Black, White, and Red.

Phi. The placards in the shop-windows are often amusing without being fraudulent.

Aunt M. To gain attention seems to be the first art of merchandise where there is so much confusing competition; and these are generally baits to attract notice where adulterated and deleterious goods are sold.

Phi. But this one I have just copied is only droll. It is

"**** Union

THREEPENNY DEATH-CLUB!

Subscription 3d. a-week."

The conditions are set forth at length.

Aunt M. From which I see that the *Three-penny Death-Club* is a combination between a low publican and a low undertaker, to cheat the poor and administer to their last vanity—the one poisoning them in life, the other pillaging them in death.

Phi. And here is another, referring to a parish-contest for place, which is only clever.

Aunt M. What is it?

Phi. "Wanted immediately! a respectable man to mind his own business. Salary 500l. per ann. A farther salary of 500l. per ann. will be given, if he will let other persons' business alone."

Aunt M. Ha, ha; well, that is not bad, and you have posed me at last. I must confess that there is nothing in that but a little spice of malice. And, mentioning spices—

Phi. I suppose you will pepper away at them?

Aunt M. There are no articles in trade where one thing is more substituted for another, nor where adulteration is carried to a greater pitch. Even this pepper that you mention—

Pri. There are several kinds?

Aunt M. Yes; but chiefly black, white, and red or cayenne. There is also, however, a kind called long pepper, which is imported in spikes, and not much used. The black* and white pepper are the same, only that the dark outer coat of the black is removed from the finer (or ought to be finer) grains, after steeping them in water, in order to produce the latter, which is consequently milder and less pungent.

Pri. Are they all from the same plant?

Aunt M. The black and white are from the fruit of the same creeping and climbing plant, the *Piper nigrum*, of which there are several genera and nearly a hundred species known; the cayenne is from the capsicum, an annual, which you may see in our own gardens.

Pri. Of course there are different qualities among them all?

* The berry is a bright red when gathered ripe, but turns black on exposure to the sun.

Aunt M. Yes: the largest and full-grained is the best of the black pepper, and the smallest and most shrivelled the worst. The latter rubs down to a flavourless dust, but weighs in with the rest, and with a very ready cheap addition when sold ground.

Pri. What?

Aunt M. Simply the burnt crust of bread,—no matter how stale!

Phi. Well, if that be the worst, it will not hurt any body.

Aunt M. But, not to speak of the also innoxious, though largely fraudulent, adulteration of common sea-salt, the red oxide of lead is frequently employed; and it is a mortal poison.

Phi. Dreadful!

Aunt M. There is even a spurious compound manufactured and mixed with the genuine pepper, which it imitates.

Pri. How can it imitate dry berries?

Aunt M. It is composed of oil-cake, or the refuse linseed from which oil has been extracted, common clay, and a portion of capsicum, kneaded together, and made to resemble the pepper by being pressed through a sieve and rolled in a cask. If you throw a handful of peppercorns into a basin of water, you will sometimes see as many as two or three of these artificial gentry out of a dozen dissolve and melt away.

Phi. Black work!

Aunt M. As in most other cases, where such materials are to be found, sophistication is contrived from dust and warehouse-sweepings.

Pri. And what else?

Aunt M. There are rape and mustard seed, which, like other substitutes, are sold in the market as P. D. or D. P. D.; that is to say, *Pepper-Dust*, and *Dirt of Pepper-Dust*. These are intolerable and most injurious.

Phi. I should think so.

Aunt M. But let me be understood about the white pepper. That imported under the name, of which there is little, is, if pure, of a superior kind; but that which is sold in London is manufactured in London from the black, and is often indescribably nasty. I cannot tell with propriety the manner of its being steeped, though sometimes in sea-water. It is always inferior to the black pepper, if you buy it whole and grind it yourself; though not if you buy it ground, where the filthy rhind, loosened from the whitening process, forms a considerable component portion of what is sold as black.

Phi. In every way one is cheated.

Aunt M. And quite as much in cayenne. Red-lead makes it keep its colour.

Pri. What is to be done?

Aunt M. Purchase chillies, and prepare them yourself, which is easily done; and never buy ground pepper, if you can help it.

Phi. Chilly and hot!

THE DRAMA.

Haymarket.—On Tuesday the *Critic* was got up with a great deal of *ad-libitum* fun by Matthews, Buckstone, Clarke, and other merry mimes. Their drolleries were received with much laughter, and the piece promises to have a sporting run.

Monument to Mrs. Siddons.—On Monday the receipts of Drury Lane Theatre, where an almost unexampled variety of entertainments is announced, are to be appropriated to a monument in memory of Mrs. Siddons. It is a grateful and liberal effort, and will, we are sure, be supported as it merits.

Concerts.—On Friday evening Mr. C. Mudie's second concert, in which he was assisted by popular performers, vocal and instrumental, although somewhat long in the latter division of the programme, afforded an agreeable evening's amusement. On Tuesday morning the concert given by Miss Bruce Wyatt and Mr. Handel Gear was excellent, and numerous attended, as it fully deserved. The programme was ample, and well selected. Miss Wyatt and Mr. Gear, themselves popular singers, were supported by several sterling vocalists. The gem, however, was "Revenge, from a ms. opera, J. L. Hatton," by Staudigl, who sang it splendidly. The instrumentalists were Messrs. Chatterton, Richardson, Deacon, and Signori Emiliani, and G. Regondi.

Illustrations of the Music of Ireland.—On Tuesday evening Mr. Horncastle renewed his entertainments to illustrate the ancient music of Ireland at the Queen's Concert-Rooms, Hanover Square, to a full auditory, and under distinguished patronage. He was assisted by several eminent instrumental and vocal performers; in one or two instances in a style not connected with the immediate object of his design, but rather as *divertissements*, for the sake of variety, of which we cannot say we approve. The national purpose, if wrought out with characteristic feeling and fidelity, ought to be more than attractive enough for a London season. Wilson's Scottish Evenings are models in this way worthy of all imitation, and deservedly and triumphantly successful. They even grow in popularity the more they are repeated; which consideration brings us to

Mr. Wilson's *Morning Concerts*, resumed in the Hanover Square Rooms, and seemingly more in vogue than ever, there as well as in Store Street. Indeed, it may be repeated, that such varied delights as are found in the ancient Scottish ballads, the Jacobite melodies still stirring the heart, Burns, and the general song of the country, can never tire on repetition, and especially when illustrated by such interesting and entertaining narrative, and expressively chanted by such a voice as Mr. Wilson has brought to his popular task.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE NIGHT-RIDE.

From the German of Uhland.

Into a darkness land I wend,
No moon, no stars, their lustre lend,
Cold round me roars the blast.
Oft have I journeyed on this way,
When laugh'd the golden sunshine ray,
As air's soft kisses past.
I ride through darkness gardens now,
Where whistles every arid hough,
Dead leaves fall from above.
Here used I in the rose's time,
Affection's consecrated prime,
To wander with my love.
The radiance of the sun is shaded,
The roses all too soon are faded,
My love borne to the grave.
Into a darkness land I ride,
Wrapp'd in my cloak, no ray to guide,
The winter-storm to brave."

JANET W. WILKINSON.

VARIETIES.

Spitalfields School of Design.—The prizes were awarded on Wednesday—Lord R. Grosvenor in the chair. There are now 180 pupils, and from among their number the most proficient were selected to receive the various sums of from three guineas to half a guinea, and books, for the best drawings of flowers, the best designs for damask-furniture, the best designs for several kinds of silk, and other practical essays. We rejoice to see so useful an institution in a

flourishing state, and likely, with generous aid, to become yet more important, not only as a stimulus to youth, but as an example of the social truth, that nothing can bind the poorer to the higher classes so heartily as shewing an interest in their advancement and a kindness in all intercourse whose object is their welfare.

Metropolitan Free Hospital.—This excellent charity held its anniversary at Freemasons' Hall, on Tuesday—the Duke of Cambridge in the chair—when a liberal subscription was added to its funds. These funds are, indeed, inadequate to meet all the wants of these hard and necessitous times, but they enable an indescribable amount of good to be done where relief is most needed; and every shilling given to them is truly blessing the poor, and earning blessings in return.

Miss Mitford.—The subscription so warmly entered into on behalf of this most amiable lady and popular author has already amounted to a sum sufficient to ease her filial and honourable mind respecting the payment of her late worthy father's debts, and leave a surplus for her own use, which will, however, be increased before a final arrangement is made for securing, as far as can be done, the comfort of her remaining life. Well does she deserve this friendly care and public tribute.

Mr. J. T. Haines, an actor of some celebrity, and recently at the minor theatres, and also the author of several popular dramas, died suddenly at his residence, Stockwell, on Friday, the 19th, in the 45th year of his age.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.—The Life and Adventures of Admiral Sir Francis Drake, by John Barrow, Esq.—Closing Events of the Campaign in China, by Capt. G. Loch, R.N.—Australia and the East: a Narrative of a Voyage to New South Wales in an Emigrant Ship; with a Residence of some Months in Sydney and the Bush. &c., by John Hood, Esq.—Memoir of the late Lord Sydenham: his Administration of Affairs in Canada, &c., by his Brother, G. P. Scrope, Esq., M.P.—Architectural Decorations of Rome during the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries; with descriptive Letterpress, by Louis Gruner.—Modern Egypt and Thebes: for the Use of Travellers in that Country, by Sir G. Wilkinson. Uniform with "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians."—Letters from the Bye-Ways of Italy, by Col. and Mrs. Stisted.—Russia in Europe and the Rural Mountains, geologically illustrated, by R. I. Murchison, Esq., &c.—Memoirs of William Smith, LL.D., author of "The Map of the Strata of England and Wales," by J. Phillips, F.R.S.—Results of Reading, by T. S. Caldwell, Esq.—Vegetable Physiology for Ladies, by Mrs. London.—Natural History of Shells, by the same.—The Farmer's Muck-Manual: a Practical Treatise on the Nature and Value of Manures, by F. Falkner, Esq., and the author of "British Husbandry."—Hand-Book for Spain; more especially for Andalusia, Granada, &c.—Hand-Book for Southern Italy, the Coast of Sicily, and Naples.—Hand-Book for London: a complete Guide for Strangers, alphabetically arranged.—Hand-Book for England and Wales.

[All the foregoing are in Mr. Murray's list of novelties in preparation.—Ed. L. G.]
A Diary of the Times of Charles II., by the Hon. H. Sidney, afterwards Earl of Komney, edited by R. W. Blencowe, Esq.

Literary.—The President of Trinity has recently favoured the learned world with a little tract, entitled "The Church in the Middle Centuries: an Attempt to ascertain the Age and Writer of the celebrated Codex Bezaerianus" (Oxford, Parker); and from the preface we learn that this Codex, which is a ms. of the Pauline Epistles, comprehending a sort of *variorum* copy of the corrupt Latin version which was in use before the time of St. Jerome, is believed to have been written on the coast of Devonshire by an Irish or Hiberno-Saxon calligraphist in the ninth century. "Such a production," the President further states, "must be considered by the philologist as a literary curiosity, and by the theologian as a valuable ecclesiastical document. The state of our church and literature at that time, as connected with Ireland and Rome, may in some degree be estimated by the character of this document; and it must be peculiarly interesting at this moment, when it is proposed to found an Irish College School for the laudable purpose of instruct-

ing the clergy of the establishment in the native language and literature of Ireland." The Irish scholar will also feel interested by the attempt made to decipher the curious versicular epigraph of the scribe, consisting of three lines, in a very small character, which have hitherto baffled all conjecture. This epigraph is considered by the President to be the most remarkable circumstance attending the ms, and he has submitted a free translation in Latin and English to the consideration of the learned. The English translation is as follows:—
"I was sent to Rome from the sea-side by Torbay, May Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews, give it safe conduct, and not let the false man bear it away—"

In the fogs of the bay—
Amid the waves of the sea—
Sea-walls and sea-whirlwinds—
Sea-monsters and mermaids—
To turn it aside from the place of its destination.
So far ever beggett Fostoi Ma-Naire.

Oxford Herald.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Progressive Education; or, Considerations on the Course of Life, translated from the French of M. Necker de Saussure, Vol. III. Observations on the Life of Woman, 7s. 6d.—**Funerary and Westwood's British Moths**, Vol. I. 4to, 50s.—**Sermons upon the Future State of Happiness**, by the Rev. E. Thompson, post 8vo, 6s. 6d.—**Murray's Hand-Book for Travellers: Northern Germany**, 4th edit. 12mo, 12s.—**Excursions along the Banks of the Rhine**, by Victor Hugo, post 8vo, 10s. 6d.—**Prison-Sketches: Portraits of the Cabal Prisoners**, &c., by Lieut. V. Eyre, 8vo, 21s.—**The Student's Guide for Measuring for Valuing Artificers' Work**, 8vo, 7s. 6d.—**Days at the Factories; or, Manufacturing Industry of Great Britain described**, by G. Dodd, Series I. London, 8vo, 10s.—**Porter's Progress of the Nation**, Section 5 to 8, or Vol. III, 12mo, 10s.—**Ben Bradshaw: the Man without a Head**, 3 vols, post 8vo, 17. 11s. 6d.—**Letters on Missions**, by W. Swan, 4th edit. 1p. 4s.—**Congregational Lectures 9th Series: The Existence of Evil Spirits proved**, by Walter Scott, 8vo, 12s.—**The Book of the Navy: a History of the American Marine**, by J. Frost, post 8vo, 7s. 6d.—**The Oral System of Teaching the French Language**, by Jean Manesca, 4th edit. 8vo, 18s.—**Speeches and Forensic Arguments**, by D. Webster, Vol. III. 8vo, 14s.—**Manual of British Botany**, by G. C. Babington, 12mo, 9s.—**History of British Birds**, by Wm. Yarrell, 3 vols, 8vo, 47. 10s.; royal 8vo, 9s.; imp. 8vo, 137. 10s.—**On the Nature of Thunder-Storms**, by W. S. Harris, 8vo, 10s. 6d.—**Life of the Rev. James Renwick**, by the Rev. R. Simpson, fcp. 2s. 6d.—**History of the Westminster Assembly of Divines**, by the Rev. W. M. Hetherington, fcp. 3s.—**The Home-Treasury: Nursery Songs of England**, edited by Felix Sumnerley, square, coloured plates, 4s. 6d.—**The Home-Treasury: Sir Hornbuckle, square, coloured plates, 4s. 6d.**—**Watchword of Gospel-Truth: with Scripture-Meditations**, 12mo, 5s.—**Rambles in the Isle of Wight**, by J. Gwilliam, 12mo, 6s.—**The Tutor's Assistant; or, Comic Figures of Arithmetic**, by Alfred Crowquill, post 8vo, 6s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1843.

	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . 18	From 41 to 55	29.75 to 29.85
Friday . . 19	44 . . 56	29.85 . . 29.85
Saturday . . 20	46 . . 56	29.80 . . 29.71
Sunday . . 21	48 . . 59	29.63 . . 29.69
Monday . . 22	40 . . 56	29.62 . . 29.64
Tuesday . . 23	41 . . 61	29.64 . . 29.65
Wednesday . . 24	50 . . 62	29.48 . . 29.54

Wind variable; N.E. and S.E. prevailing. Generally cloudy, with frequent and heavy rain; thunder on the evening of the 23d and morning of the 24th. Rain falls 1.1 inch and .78 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1843.	h. m. s.	1843.	h. m. s.
May 27 . . .	11 56 45.5	May 31 . . .	11 57 16.6
28 . . .	56 53.4	June 1 . . .	57 25.2
29 . . .	56 56	2 . . .	57 34.2
30 . . .	57 8.4		

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg to call the attention of our readers, and especially of artists, to the important statement relative to the embellishment of the Houses of Parliament in Mr. Gally Knight's (one of the commissioners) speech, at the anniversary of the Artists' Benevolent Fund, p. 353.

A number of correspondents must accept our excuse this week for not particularly noticing or replying to their communications.

ADVERTISEMENT.

SALES BY AUCTION.

Splendid Assemblage of Magnificent Effects of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex.

MESSRS. CHRISTIE AND MANSON have the honour most respectfully to inform the Nobility and Public, that they have received instructions from the Executors of the late Royal Highness to **SELL BY AUCTION**, at their Great Room, King Street, St. James's Square,

THE VERY COSTLY ASSEMBLAGE OF PROPERTY,

Collected during a long series of years by

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF SUSSEX,

And to be removed from Kensington Palace.

The different Sales will take place in the following order:—

On **THURSDAY, June 22d, and following Days, precisely at One O'Clock.**

The superb Gold, Silver Gilt, and Silver Sideboard and Cabinet Piece; and the Dinner and Dessert, Tea and Coffee Equipages, consisting of complete Services of every variety of Table Plate; besides the various examples of Furniture, Old English, German, Oriental, and other Workmanship in Figures, Chaises, Vases, Ewers, Enamel Salts; some Pieces from the collection of Charles I.; the Gold and Silver of William III.; a superb Gold Clock-Pot of the King of Candy; three Toilet Services; Gilt Sacramental Plate. The whole amounting to Forty-four Thousand Ounces.

On **WEDNESDAY, the 28th, and following days.**

The valuable and interesting collection of Trinkets; including Bages of the Garter and other orders; a multitude of Rings, set with large and fine Brillants, Rubies, Emeralds, and Sapphires; Jewels, Cameos, and Intaglios; Xcines; about 160 Gold Snuff-boxes of the magnificent taste of Louis XIV. and later periods, &c. &c.

On **MONDAY, July 3d, and following day.**

The matchless collection of Clocks and Watches, including every variety of ingenious horological mechanism; particularly the celebrated Wooden Clock, the first work of John Harrison of Barrow; one designed by Prince Rupert; two high Clocks by Leaute, in great taste; a curious Clock by George III.; a superb Gold Chronometer; a Clock presented by Voltaire to his Royal Highness, and others by that celebrated maker; the Watch of James I.; a small Clock of Maria Antonia; besides many other beautiful cases of Buhl; Watches by Breguet, and other makers ancient and modern. The Armoury consists of fine Andrea Ferrara Claymores; Oriental, Damascus, and German swords, mounted in gold and silver; the sword of William IV.; the sword of the great Lord Portland; Rapiers by Kuckenreuther; beautiful modern English Fencing-Pieces by Manton, Wilkinson, and Moore; and Pistols.

On **WEDNESDAY, July 5th, and following days.**

The sumptuous Furniture of Rheims, Buhl, Marqueterie, Cabinets, Sofa and Chairs of Oriental Rosewood, inlaid with Ivory; a precious Case of Crystal; gorgeous Candelabra of Ormolu and Bronze; magnificent Oriental Jars and Cisterns; several specimens of Oriental Porcelain, many of them superbly mounted; a large collection of Groups and Figures of the finest Dresden.

On **MONDAY, July 16th, and following day.**

The unique collection of Meerschaum and other Pipes, mounted with gold and silver; Tobacco and Cigars of the most precious quality.

The different Properties will be on view some days before each Sale; and Catalogues may be had, gratis, at Messrs. Christie and Manson's Office, King Street, St. James's Square. Due notice will be given of the Sales of the Miscellaneous Property which will follow.

Noble Marble Groups, Statues, and Busts, from the Royal Gallery of Dresden.

MESSRS. FOSTER AND SON beg to announce to the Nobility, Gentry, and Connoisseurs, that they are desired to **SELL BY AUCTION**, at their Gallery, No. 11 Davies Street, Grosvenor Square, on **WEDNESDAY, June 7, at Two precisely, in Part 1st, a COLLECTION OF SCULPTURE**, of the highest class, formerly a portion of the Royal Gallery of his Majesty Frederick Augustus, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, purchased by the present proprietor at Dresden, in the year 1836. These distinguished works of art, then ornamenting the Royal Palace in the "Grosse Gallery," in the Saxon capital, were carried off by Frederick the Great of Prussia, in 1745, to his Palace at Potsdam; were restored to the Gallery of Dresden in 1762, and are known to all lovers of the arts by Lapla's celebrated engravings of "the Dresden Gallery." The collection consists of eight mythological and allegorical groups, and two single statues, all in Carrara marble, of the size of life, and executed by the first artists of the age; also three groups of children, by the celebrated Algardi; and 27 busts, of which a few are antique, and the some are portraits of distinguished characters of the Saxon Court at that period.

May now be publicly viewed, gratis, and catalogues had, at the Gallery; and of Messrs. Foster and Son, 14 Greek Street, and 51 Pall Mall.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IMPORTANT PATENT IMPROVEMENT IN CHRONOMETERS, WATCHES, AND CLOCKS.
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